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NOTES.

THE autumn political campaign was opened by the Duke of Devonshire at Glasgow on Tuesday. The main part of his speech was devoted to foreign affairs, a topic on which he was obviously anxious to feel the pulse of the public. The Duke's references to our diplomatic achievements in China and West Africa demonstrate the realisation of our worst fears. "I very much doubt," he naively remarked, alluding to our policy in the Far East, "whether in this battle of concessions in China we have come off so much the worst as some people have supposed. We have obtained recently some concessions which, no doubt, are valuable, and others which, I think, it is extremely doubtful whether those who have been fortunate enough to obtain them will ever think them worth while to make use of." This allusion to the worthlessness of Wei-hai-Wei is more frank than reassuring. But as to the completeness of our surrender in West Africa the Duke leaves no doubt. After acknowledging that "undue concessions" have been made by the British Government, he weakly concluded: "An energetic diplomacy can only depend upon the support of a strong public opinion, and up to a comparatively short time ago that public opinion on the subject of West Africa did not exist at all." We should like to point out to the Duke that Cabinets are not supposed to remain inert until popular indignation has roused them into activity. Ministers are the trustees of the nation, and if they are unable to safeguard national interests until forced to action by general indignation, they had better resign in favour of stronger and more independent statesmen.

The speech delivered by Mr. Bryce, M.P., on secondary education, when distributing prizes at the Burnley Technical School, was astoundingly feeble and colourless. One would almost imagine, in reading it, that educational progress in this country is in a most satisfactory state, and that all we require to attain perfection is a rather more systematic organization at headquarters. If anything offers opportunity for strong, trenchant criticism, it is the deplorable inefficiency and wild confusion of our entire education system. Mr. Bryce's remarks about the Duke of Devonshire's Bill of last session, however, are more to the point. Referring to the Duke's speech on the occasion of its introduction, he said: "That speech raised high expectations about the measure, but I am sorry those expectations were disappointed, because the Bill seemed to have been looked at through the wrong end of the telescope. That infinitesimal Bill proved unworthy of the great speech." The fact evidently was that the poor Duke had learned his great speech off by heart, and at the last moment the Cabinet cut down the proposals in his Bill to their present ridiculous insignificance. But the effort of writing a new speech was

too much for the Lord President. So the fine and masterly oration was let off by the jaded legislator, who preferred the subsequent ridicule with which his mutilated little measure was received to the fatigue of altering what it had already taken so much unwonted labour for him to prepare.

If there is any one from whom we have a right to expect an explanation of our inexplicable policy in the Far East it is Sir Michael Hicks-Beach. In the early part of the year he made vigorous speeches, which had almost a dash of jingoism in them, about our commercial interests in China, and the intention of the Government to maintain the "open door" at all hazards. But his speech at North Shields contains so lame an explanation of the surrenders in China, which have provoked such universal indignation, that it could rather be termed an impeachment than a defence of the Foreign Secretary. To call Wei-hai-Wei "an important base of action in the North of China" is an absurd and obsolete attempt to throw dust in the eyes of the public. It has long ago been acknowledged in the House of Commons that Wei-hai-Wei, regarded as a position of strategic importance, is useless without the expenditure of an enormous sum of money on defences. The more straightforward course would have been for Sir Michael to have acknowledged, like his colleague, the Duke of Devonshire, that the diplomacy of other nations has proved too much for the honest—we should call it pusillanimous—methods of the British Government.

In answer to certain press criticisms Mr. Macnamara has addressed a letter to the "Times," in which he makes some practical suggestions for enforcing the attendance of children at the elementary schools. The absentees in London alone amount to nearly one-fifth of the children who are enrolled. For this appalling state of affairs the London magistrates are chiefly to blame, because they will not convict the parents brought before them at the instance of the School Board authorities. We fully endorse Mr. Macnamara's suggestion that the Home Office should intimate to the magistrates that it is their business to administer the law and not to discuss its advisableness or otherwise. How many times have we not urged the same proposition in these columns? It is an anomaly which has frequently been pointed out, that it actually pays parents handsomely to keep their children at work and pay the fines when summoned. There is, as Mr. Macnamara rightly says, only one remedy possible: the maximum penalty in such cases must be raised from 5s. to £1. In some parts of Switzerland the parents of children who fail to attend school are not only fined, but if the absence is continued the fine is doubled each day; and the consequence is that the attendances are perfectly regular. Some such system is sadly needed here; and, above all, an insistence on the part of the

administrative authorities that the magistrates shall cease to shirk their public duties.

At the moment of writing, the French Government is waiting for Major Marchand's report, which has just reached Cairo, from whence it will be telegraphed to Paris. Meanwhile the negotiations (or "communications," as the subtle mind of the Duke of Devonshire prefers to name them) are proceeding in the ancient manner. That is to say, M. Delcassé has indicated the conditions upon which he will withdraw the Marchand expedition from Fashoda, and these conditions include the retention of Bahr-el-Ghazl by France. We are convinced that Lord Salisbury is going to accept this monstrous condition, and our conviction is only increased in strength by the assurance, given by the Duke of Devonshire at Glasgow that "the rights we claim in that region are not going to be frittered away." The rights we claim, as we showed last week, are miserably inadequate, while in safeguarding the rights of this country we neither trust Lord Salisbury nor the Duke of Devonshire. The pity is that Lord Cromer has not full power to deal with the matter: for he has an adequate knowledge of England's rights in the Nile Valley and the courage to enforce them. And it is because his country knows his greatness as an imperial statesman that she extends unstinted sympathy to him for the loss of the wife who upheld him with her courage and devotion.

France presents itself to the surrounding universe at the present time as an exceeding enigma. On the one hand we are assured that it is ripe for some swift overturn; on the other hand we see it giving gracious welcome to Count Mouravieff, the Czar's emissary of peace. Last week the Parisians were tremulous with fear at the prospect of a *coup de force*, now they are laughing gaily at their nightmare terrors. The workmen, we are told, are now busily engaged upon a peaceful exhibition that shall draw all men unto it, and in the same breath we are assured that the workshops of Toulon are clamorous by night and day preparing a fleet for some warlike enterprise. What do these monstrous paradoxes foretoken? They seem to suggest hysteria, that nervous overtopple that finds expression in mental extremes, and is not seldom accompanied by a lust for bloodshed. One would like to know what that cool diplomat Count Mouravieff thinks of it all; above all one would like to know what words of advice or warning he has whispered in the ears of M. Brisson and M. Delcassé. But in truth it does not greatly matter, for if the Court of Cassation decides upon revision these politicians of the hour may be swept ruthlessly overboard. In all this there is only one thing certain: if the hysteria results in an attack upon England she will find that England is ready.

After the publication of the Parliamentary Papers last week, the newspapers shrieked aloud with joy at sight of Lord Salisbury, with uplifted umbrella, demanding Fashoda from France. "That is what we want," yelled the journalists. "Give us Fashoda, the whole Fashoda, and nothing but Fashoda." Yes; and nothing but Fashoda. That was last week; this week a curious change has overtaken the newspapers. They still demand their Fashoda, of course, and they will not be happy until they get it; but along with this they now make mention of the Bahr-el-Ghazl. It even seems as if the Bahr-el-Ghazl was of some considerable importance, for they profess to be afraid that Lord Salisbury may get the shadow and give away the substance, that he may give up the Bahr-el-Ghazl and retain Fashoda. It has occurred to us to ask how this sudden change in the terms of the demand has arisen. And the only conclusion we can arrive at is (to put it modestly) that the change is due to our article last week upon "Lord Salisbury's Latest Surrender."

We have all been so busy wondering why three eminent Russian statesmen should have occasion to visit Paris hard upon the heels of each other that, for the moment, we forgot to ask M. Blowitz. But this eminent authority upon the inner workings of Providence and Paris is not the man to hide his information

under a bushel. Accordingly we have him in the "Times" of Thursday informing the world about the sayings and doings in Paris of M. Witte, General Kuropatkin and Count Mouravieff. If the information has not all the authority which the superior style of M. Blowitz suggests, it has, at least, the appearance of reasonable guesswork. M. Witte, it seems, came to Paris on the old errand—money for the Russian Exchange; General Kouropatkin was anxious to interview the chiefs of the army in regard to the Dreyfus affair; while Count Mouravieff came as a messenger of peace from his peace-desiring master. In fulfilment of his mission the Count explained to the Brisson ministry the scope and aim of the Rescript; but what is of more importance to us, he counselled circumspectness and conciliation in the Fashoda affair. One can easily believe the last statement, even without the authority of M. Blowitz.

It is well we have a strong man at Cairo, for his hands are likely to be full for some time to come. Not to speak of the Fashoda business in which Lord Cromer's task consists in trying to keep Lord Salisbury from practising his favourite backing-out manoeuvre, there is trouble with the Palace. Without giving too much credit to the "Chronicle's" alarmist report on the subject, it is well known that the young Khedive comes back from each visit to Europe filled with valiant plans for getting rid of the hated British resident who has saved the country from ruin. Courage at the critical moment is not, however, the strong point of Abbas, and he has always collapsed when he found that Lord Cromer had put his foot down. But it will probably become a serious question ere long whether our representative in Cairo is to be permanently at the mercy of the secret opposition or open attacks of this raw youth, who has shown no gleam of capacity for government and is in fact a mere tool in the hands of French intriguers.

In Cairo, however, it is a question of *beati possidentes*. Much more serious would be the outcome of any trouble with Abyssinia, and Abyssinia, we are told on French authority, is getting ready for one of its periodical civil wars. The story from Jibuti is that Mangascia, king of Tigre, in the north, now thinks himself ready for a trial of strength with his old enemy, Menelik, king of Shoa, in the south. Mangascia is the nephew of John, the emperor, who was killed in battle with the Dervishes in 1889. He did not, however, succeed his uncle, for Menelik, with the assistance of Ras Alula, pushed him aside and successfully asserted his claims to succeed as "Negus Negesti" ("King of Kings"), or Emperor of Ethiopia. As Mangascia has only 10,000 men and Menelik has 40,000, together with a well-equipped arsenal under a competent Swiss manager, the result ought not to be doubtful; but Menelik, who, after all, is a hot-headed barbarian with large ideas as to his proper frontier Nilewards, will hardly stop his victorious march in Tigre. He has plenty of French and Russian inspirers, who may point out that it is "now or never" with him, and that, unless he asserts himself on the Nile, his chance is gone. It is even not impossible that the whole French story is a blind, and that, as in the case of the attack on the Italians, Mangascia and Menelik may be acting in concert, and that we may find that we have more than Major Marchand to deal with at Fashoda. So, as we have said, Lord Cromer has his hands full.

The Powers have at last succeeded in bringing the Sultan to his senses. But none of the Governments can claim much credit for their conduct of the Cretan affair—the British Government least of all. What has been accomplished now should have been done long ago. The long-deferred interference on the part of the allied Powers undoubtedly encouraged the Turkish officials to stir up the Mohammedan population to commit those outrages on the Christian community, which have been the means of at last bringing matters to a solution. But it is small satisfaction to those whom we pretended to take under our protection, that we allowed numbers of them to perish at the hands of their oppressors before we moved hand or foot in their defence. To hang the

seven culprits who murdered a couple of English soldiers may seem highly satisfactory to patriots at home; but the prompt avenging of wrongs done to ourselves, while the murderers of a thousand innocent victims are allowed to go free, is not calculated to impress our Cretan protégés with a sense of our impartiality and justice. The Sultan has now learnt that when he orders a wholesale butchery of his Christian subjects we confine ourselves to talking; and that we are only roused to active measures if a finger is laid upon an Englishman.

The Spanish-American Peace Conference is not making much way, as is after all only natural when we know that the United States delegates are there to dictate terms, not to discuss them. The usual Spanish plea for "to-morrow" is met by a threat to break up the sittings and again resort to force. Puerto Rico has already been formally annexed, and Cuba is to be protected and the debt repudiated, but America is still willing to hold out hopes about the Philippines—probably because American reinforcements in that quarter have not yet arrived in sufficient strength to enable her to throw the sword into the balance with decisive effect. It would really be more dignified for Spain to recognise now, as she will have to do later, that her Colonial Empire is gone for ever, to wash her hands of it and of the Conference and seriously to turn her attention to setting her own country in order. Relieved of the burden of a useless army and navy, and protected from invasion by the jealousy of Europe, Spain might yet have a happy and peaceful career.

The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland has been speech-making in Belfast, praising the prosperity of the North, and hinting that the accumulation of wealth is not everything, and that in matters pertaining to "sweetness and light" Ulster has yet something to learn. This is all right and proper, especially as Lord Cadogan owes every penny of his wealth to the son of an Ulster farmer who came to London and became Sir Hans Sloan and the owner of half Chelsea, as Hans Place, Sloane Street and Sloane Square testify to this day. All the same, we have not noticed that Lord Cadogan has followed his own precept by contributing of his riches to the promotion of intellectual development in the county of Down, to which he owes so much. The Lord Lieutenant also practically pledged the Government to the introduction next session of Bills for the establishment of a Board of Agriculture and a Board of Industries. That sounds good indeed, and if promise is duly followed by performance the vicereignty of Lord Cadogan will be a memorable one in Irish history.

At the same time we are glad to notice that Mr. Gerald Balfour has crossed over to Ireland, where we hope he will remain, as is his duty, till the opening of Parliament, looking after his subordinate officials on Cork Hill. The "Castle" is not so bad as it is painted, but officials are everywhere inclined to "magnify their office" unless kept in check. One matter that the Chief Secretary will, we do not doubt, set right at once is the grotesque muddle about a rate collector for the Clogher Union. The Guardians have legally and properly elected the lady who had for several years performed the duties as deputy for her father, who was an invalid. Ladies frequently hold the post in England, and there is no suggested reason in law or in common sense why it should not be done in Ireland. But some self-important jack-in-office has sworn that it shall not be and has involved the Guardians in no end of trouble and delay in trying to teach him some manners and some law. It is not an Imperial matter, but now that Local Government is to become a reality in Ireland, it behoves Mr. Balfour to see that the Local Government Board possesses some measure of intelligence.

Another place in which the Chief Secretary should put his foot down is in Mayo, where a local police inspector, at the instigation of the parish priest, has been "proclaiming" Mr. William O'Brien and his meetings. It is too absurd for words. Here is Mr. O'Brien braying himself hoarse in the hope of once more attaining notoriety and influence. His one desperate hope is that the Govern-

ment may notice him, and that so the breechless martyr may again attain the dignity of verbatim reports in the Dublin papers. And the intelligent police inspector plays into his hands by calling out "horse, foot and dragoons" to help Mr. William O'Brien to advertise himself. There was a time when district inspectors obtained glory and promotion by forwarding to Dublin blood-curdling reports of "red ruin and the breaking-up of laws"; but we rely on Mr. Balfour to point out that those days are past. In fact, the only "dangerous classes" in Ireland now are the police officials, whose promotion has been stopped, and who think that a "dangerous crisis" must be manufactured at all costs.

Regarding this matter of police busybodies, we should like just to hint that it would be well for the European public to reserve judgment about the wonderful Anarchist plot against the German Emperor that has been discovered at Alexandria, or Jerusalem, or Jericho—we really forget which. The manufacture of dynamite plots—and of dynamite—by the Continental police is an overdone industry. That there are dangerous criminals who call themselves Anarchists, the cases of the Empress of Austria and of President Carnot abundantly testify; but it is the dangerous criminal, or lunatic, who requires to be looked after, not the village Hampden who does not in all things see eye to eye with the policeman. All this talk about International Congresses for the suppression of Anarchism simply means giving *carte blanche* to the policeman, and we should like to offer a reward for a single case in which the suspicions of the policeman, before the event, were justified. Mr. Forster in Ireland locked up men by the thousand, but did he once light on a Carey or a Brady? No; but the blind, arbitrary locking-up of decent citizens produced Careys and Bradys by the dozen. It would be well for Continental statesmen to reflect on this before they commit themselves to measures that are certain to increase the disease they wish to extirpate.

The old saw which asserts that ill-happenings never come singly has had ample confirmation this week. Day by day the disasters have accumulated until, the mind being sickened by the record, we can only glance hurriedly at the piled-up horrors. There is first, in order of time, the shipwreck of the "Mohegan" on the Manacles, a group of rocks on the coast of Cornwall, about thirteen miles S.S.E. of Falmouth. The cause of the disaster is at present a mystery, and is likely so to remain, for the officers of the vessel who hold the key have all perished. What we know is that the ship was new, well-found, with a capable captain and a complete crew; that the night was dark but clear, and the wind moderate. The conditions for safe navigation were excellent, yet the vessel was seven miles out of her course and, instead of clearing the Lizard, she was shaped straight for the Cornish coast. A monster error, and only to be accounted for by the supposition that the mind of Captain Griffiths, like the mind of Admiral Tryon on board the "Victoria," had lapsed into that condition of unreason where two and two become five. This inexplicable lapse has cost the captain his life, with the loss of the vessel and over 100 passengers and crew.

The same mystery surrounds the cause of the explosion on board the "Blingfell" near the North Foreland, but in this case a commonplace explanation readily presents itself. The vessel was loaded with petroleum and naphtha in barrels, from which there might be leakage. Any one prowling about the hold with a naked light, therefore, would have it in his power to cause the disaster. All that is known at present, however, is that the after-part of the vessel was blown out and the remainder burned, while eight persons, including the captain's wife and child, were killed. Equally sudden and terrible was the railway accident at Wrayby Junction, in which nine people were killed and a great number injured. This disaster was caused, according to the official report, by one of two trucks—which were closely fastened together and loaded with timber—leaving the rails in the process of shunting. At that moment the express from Cleethorpes to Manchester dashed up, and although the driver applied the brake

his train was almost completely wrecked. It is an old bad tale, this tale of the shunting mishap, and the public have the feeling that they hear it very much too often.

The Highways Committee of the London County Council hold the opinion that the overhead trolley system of electrical traction is unsuitable for London thoroughfares. Yet, in spite of that, and because they have made what they consider a good bargain with the London United Tramways Company, they have persuaded the Council to experiment with the unsuitable. It is not a matter of personal consideration, of course, to the gentlemen who voted in favour of this experiment, otherwise they would have voted otherwise. But they are quite willing, and indeed anxious, to experiment upon the people in Uxbridge Road in the same Christian spirit in which a doubtful leg of mutton is tried on the dog. We extend our sincere sympathy to the victims of this experiment, for we have suffered from the overhead trolley system of electrical traction in foreign parts, and we know what intolerable agony its insistent whizzing can produce.

The agitation in favour of splitting up the Metropolis into municipalities will, we trust, receive a speedy check. The traffic in the busy streets and thoroughfares of London is conducted, under any circumstances, with considerable difficulty. At this season of the year, when repairs of all kinds have to be executed, the existence of a single central organization is particularly beneficial. But if the municipal government of London is to be centralised, and placed in the hands of independent administrative bodies, the chaos which can now be scarcely avoided will become a most serious matter. The London County Council has its drawbacks and deficiencies; but the presence of one paramount authority is indispensable to the effective control of a great city. And it must be remembered that one result of the creation of municipalities will be that the management of many districts will be placed in the hands of self-interested and narrow-sighted individuals: whereas, under the present system, such mischances are practically excluded.

It is perfectly clear from the quarrels and disputes which are being carried on in the correspondence columns of the "Times," that great dissatisfaction has been caused by the allegations made by the Museums Committee. If Lord Balcarras chooses to write letters to the Press in his private capacity, he must take the consequences of his hasty and indiscreet behaviour, and submit in his turn to a little criticism. That he has indiscriminately made wholesale and unwarrantable charges against officials at South Kensington, in his eagerness to defend his friend Mr. Weale, must be patent to everybody. How far such conduct is compatible with the duties of an independent and disinterested investigator appointed by Parliament, we do not pretend to explain. But we prophesy this much, that the report of the Committee, of which Lord Balcarras is so distinguished an ornament, will neither be adopted nor acted upon. The Committee of Council will ignore it altogether, and Lord Balcarras will be obliged—if he desires any further advertisement—to continue his vague accusations and misstatements in the newspapers, varied by impertinent letters to members of the Cabinet.

Some of the reform edicts issued by the Emperor Kwang-su have been published by the "Times." They are so crude and sweeping that one can only compare them to the universal peace proposals with which the Tsar recently astonished the practical statesmen of Europe. If it is recollected how English people cling to ideas and customs that cannot boast a more venerable antiquity than a few centuries, it may easily be understood what caution would be necessary in trying to remove Chinese prejudices which have lasted for two or three thousand years. To denounce ingrained practices as obsolete, and to appeal to the people to cast aside spontaneously their most cherished usages, is not a proceeding calculated to advance the cause of progress, however laudable the reformer's intentions

may be. It is said that chagrin at the natural failure of these reforming attempts, and the extinction of all hope in consequence of the Empress-Dowager's seizure of power, have caused the Emperor's serious illness, and the admission of a French doctor to the Palace has removed all doubt that the unhappy Kwang-su is still alive, though necessarily in imminent danger. The remarkable deference shown by him to the Empress-Dowager tells its own story; and it would be an inhuman action on the part of the Western Powers, who have been egging the Emperor on in the path of reform, to stand by without making an effort to save the victim of their counsels from his perilous position.

Sir Henry Blake, in his "Chapter of West Indian History," has made a strenuous effort to shame the Mother Country into supporting more generously the appeal on behalf of the West Indies. In 1798, England was in financial straits. She was engaged in fighting Napoleon and in crushing rebellion in Ireland, and her resources were sorely taxed. The West Indies rallied splendidly to her assistance, and a voluntary subscription started by the Colonists is reported to have ultimately attained a figure little short of a million sterling. Whether that is or is not a "fair story" we do not pretend to say. What is an undoubted fact is that, in November, 1798, the West Indies remitted to England the substantial sum of £57,777 4s. 11d. sterling. England welcomed the money both for its own sake and as evidence of the sentiments of the Colonists; but England's need was small compared with that of the West Indies to-day. The hurricane has completed the ruin which threatened them, so Sir Henry Blake says, as result of England's fiscal policy. Yet spontaneous charity in England has only brought to the Mansion House Fund £34,000—two-thirds the amount raised in Kingston, Jamaica, a hundred years ago, and a mere three per cent. of the million reported to have been raised in all.

The "Daily Mail" seems to have unearthed a case of Consular incompetence which goes to show that the supineness of the Foreign Office is faithfully reflected in its officers. Some British sailors in Buenos Ayres were arrested on a frivolous charge of assault. The men were kept in prison for five months, the Foreign Office refused to interfere, and the men have only now been released through the intercession of a West Hartlepool firm of shipowners. That, in brief, is the story, and it points to a gross neglect of duty on the part of the Foreign Office and the British Consul in Buenos Ayres. We have, however, been at pains to discover the truth, and we are authoritatively informed that the men were duly tried and found guilty, and that the punishment inflicted on them was such as they might expect in any country however civilised. The "Daily Mail" version and that of the Foreign Office are thus totally contradictory. If the "Daily Mail" is right, then it is high time that steps were taken to read both Foreign Office and Argentina a sharp lesson.

A fine exhibition of tennis-playing was given at Brighton on Wednesday, when Peter Latham won a stake of £2000, and reaffirmed his title to the championship of the world. In judging of his complete victory over his American opponent, it should be borne in mind that, by conceding to his adversary the use of the French ball, he was practically playing the match under a handicap. Although the Boston player, Pettitt, made a very plucky fight, he was absolutely no match for his antagonist, who won set after set and displayed marvellous resources and activity. In the end Peter Latham won the match by seven sets to love, securing, out of an aggregate of fifty-eight games, no less than forty-two. The championship, therefore, remains in the hands of its former holder, who is acknowledged to be the finest tennis-player of recent years.

The charge of the Archbishop of Canterbury is not likely to please either of the extreme wings in the Church of England; it opens the way to more diversity in doctrine than will satisfy the Evangelicals, while it

lays down too stringent a rule as to uniformity of ceremonial to be acceptable to Ritualists. To be sure, his Grace points out that large powers of discretion in ritual are given to the bishop by provisions in the Prayer-book, notably in the Preface "Concerning the Services of the Church," attributed to the pen of Cranmer. If this is so, there may conceivably be as many types of service as there are bishops. But we do not ourselves consider that the Archbishop's theory of a rigid uniformity in ritual can be upheld in view of the historical facts. Certainly, uniformity has never prevailed in the Church, in spite of the expressed intention of the Reformers that "all the realm shall have but one use."

The cleverest of all the replies to Sir William Harcourt seems largely to have escaped the notice of the press. We refer to the Bishop of London's brilliant address in Gray's Inn Chapel, at the unveiling of a memorial window to Laud. Sir William clamours for a rigid and impartial enforcement of the Acts of Uniformity, to heal the dissensions and evils of the Church of England. "This is exactly what Laud did, or attempted," replies Dr. Creighton, "and the result was utter failure." The whole address will well repay reading. It was not, of course, avowedly a counterblast to the letters in the "Times," but it was a most dexterous and effective riposte none the less.

The preliminary arrangements for the first Church Congress London will have received are, it is understood, now complete. The place of meeting will be the vast area of the Albert Hall, acoustic difficulties, it is said, having been successfully surmounted. There will be special services in the Abbey and St. Paul's, and Kensington Parish Church, being near to the Albert Hall, will also be utilised. The Bishop of London, who will preside, was not very favourable to the proposal of bringing the Congress to the metropolis, but felt that he could not oppose or refuse it. He will be an admirable President, for he is at his very best on such occasions as the Congress affords him; and his inaugural address is sure to be at once solid, brilliant, epigrammatic and amusing.

Our series of articles on the Patriotic Fund is completed to-day. They have shown that the Royal Commissioners intrusted with the administration of that Fund are still in the position sarcastically "recognised" by the Secretary of State for War in 1896. The Commissioners are in receipt of many deserving applications for relief which they are "unable to afford though possessed of ample means." But they are still deploring their helpless condition, and still locking up £19,300 for expenses of management. Local Committees were recently formed in Hampshire, Norfolk, Portsmouth, Leeds, Devonport district, Canterbury, Dover, Birmingham, Woolwich, Dublin, Belfast, Cork. Not a word comes from these centres; and with all these boasted committees in existence to give distinction to the Patriotic Fund the Commissioners tell the War Office and the Admiralty that an appeal to the public for subscriptions is not at present advisable. The conclusion is irresistibly that arrived at by our contributor. The Patriotic Fund seems to be run less in the interests of the widows and orphans of soldiers than of the clique who wish to enjoy permanent and lucrative posts in the administration.

The threatened abandonment of the Buckland Trust is engaging a deal of attention among London angling clubs. This is certainly interesting, as they have no more to do with the matter than ordinary citizens. That the Buckland collections have ever served any useful purpose it would probably be difficult to show; but this lack of result is the fault, not of the idea, but of the miserably half-hearted way in which it has been carried out. So far as we know, the new Director at the Natural History Museum has up to the present maintained a discreet silence on the subject, and if he does not make an effort to save the concern from its impending collapse, we may be perfectly sure that there is nothing worth saving and that the eloquence of the self-appointed angling committees will be in vain.

THE MOST CHRISTIAN KAISER'S FRIEND.

IT was an edifying sight that was offered to Christendom on Tuesday, when the modern Crusader, the Protestant Pope, walked into Yildiz Kiosk arm-in-arm with the Commander of the Faithful, the "Unique Pearl of the Age," still licking his chops from the latest massacre of Christians in Armenia. We have never joined in the indiscriminate abuse of Abdul Hamid: he has found self-proclaimed Christians to the north and to the south of his attenuated dominions unscrupulous and cruel in attaining their own selfish ends at his expense, and he has been unscrupulous and cruel in return. That is only human nature, but one's gorge rises at the spectacle of one who aspires to pose as the head of the most Evangelical section of Christians slobbering over and exchanging compliments and presents with a "misbeliever" who, above all modern Sultans, avowedly aims at asserting the forcible supremacy of Islam over Christianity. The situation is made worse by the fact that the apostle of the new unholy alliance is on his way to Jerusalem to inaugurate a Christian Church at the historic focus of Christendom, to establish a centre that shall stand as a permanent protest against the Mohammedan pollution of the Holy Places.

Of course we all know what it means. Our most Christian Kaiser, who holds that no one can be a good soldier or a good subject, a good statesman or a good ruler, unless first of all he is "ein guter Christ," has gone to Constantinople to offer payment in meal or in malt for the alliance of the Sultan against his fellow-Christians in Europe, to guarantee material and moral help to the Turk in his work of exterminating Christianity in the East, on condition that Sultan and Kaiser stand together, sworn brothers in arms, in helping Christian Germany to maintain its ascendancy in Europe. Now we may freely admit that—Christianity apart—the national security is the supreme law of monarchs, and that in the case of a frank old pagan like Frederick the Great, whose semi-bankrupt kingdom was menaced with destruction from half-a-dozen sides at once, an alliance with "Turk, Jew, or atheist" would have been most natural and proper. Germany, Austria-Hungary and Turkey, formed up in line as a solid bulwark against Russian aggression, possess qualities which appeal to the imagination. Conceived and carried out by a Napoleon or a Frederick, it might constitute a turning-point of history, it might roll back the tide of Slavonic obscurantism and reaction that threatens to overwhelm Europe. But what is to be said for a monarch who tries to blow hot and cold with the same breath, who dreams of making Lutheranism supreme among Christians and Christianity supreme throughout the world, and who at the same time abjectly kow-tows to the Sultan, knowing that the populace of Constantinople regard his visit as the submission of a vassal to his suzerain?

Worst of all, we do not think that this act of impious hypocrisy is likely to be successful. Russia, who is near at hand, can always outbid Germany, who is so far away; and, in the case of Abdul Hamid, it is, of course, a sheer matter of bidding. Alone he is helpless; he knows that his only safety lies in setting off one Christian Power against the other, and he will rejoice if Germany helps him to mitigate the pressure of Russia, and of the Concert, without for a moment meaning to cherish gratitude to the Power which plays his game in trying to play its own. The German hired press, with characteristic stupidity—for the money spent on it, it is the most incompetent press in Europe—thinks it helps matters by sounding the praises of the Sultan. Here is what the "Post" gentleman regards as value for money received. The "noble monarch" Abdul Hamid is "one of the most eminent who ever reigned in Stamboul;" his countenance is "mild and intellectual," he is "benevolent, tolerant, magnanimous, generous, and impulsive." Thus says the scribe, who suddenly remembers the hand that feeds him, and adds "thus does he in mind and character resemble the Emperor William II." It is no wonder that Prince Bismarck used to explode with wrath against the "Federwisch," the "Pressbengel," who lived on him. Their Turkish colleagues, whose pay is generally years in arrear, can do the thing ridiculously cheaper and

better. Here is how a Constantinople scribe refers to such an event as that his paper has succeeded in surviving for thirteen years: "To-day our paper reaches the thirteenth year of its existence, and we celebrate the anniversary in the reign of the finest Pearl of the Age, the esteemed centre of the Universe, at whose grand portals stand the camels of mercy and justice, and to whom the eyes of the kings of the West have been drawn, the rulers there finding an example of political prowess and the people a model of mercy and kindness; it is our lord and master, the Sultan of the two shores, the Khakhan of the two seas, the crown of ages and the pride of all countries, the greatest of all Khaliphs, the shadow of God on the earth, the successor of the apostle of the Lord of the Universe, the Al-ghazi Sultan Abdul Hamid Khan: may God protect his kingdom and place his glory above the sun and the moon, and may the Lord supply all the world with the goodness that proceeds from his Holy Majesty." This is good, straightforward writing of the Sultanic-Imperial sort, and we may no doubt look forward to William of Hohenzollern arriving back in Berlin accompanied by a cheap selection of the scribes who know so well how to mingle judgment and discrimination with their praise.

Yes, it is a peculiar position for a Christian monarch, but William II. seems to like it. He has fireworks and speeches and half-a-dozen changes of uniform per day, and so he flatters himself that the world is revolving round his august person, and that he is guiding the planets in their course. In reality it is Abdul Hamid who has astutely taken William's measure, and is playing with the follies and vanities of his guest. Greece subdued, Armenia silenced, the Cretan surrender concealed out of sight and hearing by the flags and the salutes and the banquets—these are indeed substantial gains for the Sultan. But what has William II. got in return for himself or for his country? Perhaps a port in Palestine as invaluable as Angra Pequena or Kiao-Chiao! Perhaps not even that, for the shadow of God, the Pearl of the Age, the Centre of the Universe, is a master of evasion, and the Kaiser's time is limited, and the Sublime Porte's resources in the way of delay are unlimited. As a practical achievement the visit is likely to fail; as a moral conspiracy it stands out as an insult to progressive humanity.

THE "BLABBING" OF SIR JOHN GORST.

WE take our politics so very sacredly in this country that it is a public benefaction when our crude idolatry is handled with a cynical turn and a light touch. Sir John Gorst is a past-master in this art of disillusionment, and in his lecture on "The Incapacity of Parliamentary Government to Effect Social Reforms" his mode of plucking the curtain from before the inner sanctuary was of the deftest. For it still forms part of the Briton's political creed—it is even more sacred to him than the Prayer-book—that this country, with all its dependencies, is governed by Parliament; while he, in his turn, governs Parliament through his vote. To all thinking men, of course, this is known to be a cunning fable, devised by the political high priests for sordid purposes of their own. But Sir John Gorst is not as other high priests, and in this lecture he has blabbed the truth with obvious pleasure to himself. He knows very well—no one knows better—that the eminent personages who decorate the Ministerial front bench in Parliament, and who, as Ministers of State, are supposed to govern the Empire, are mere painted puppets. Behind the Wooden Dolls sit the permanent officials, who handle them with the ease and indifference of long usage. They have even been known, these decorous permanent officials, to laugh at the little peculiarities of the Wooden Dolls—their ignorance, for instance, and their pomposity.

This puppet-character of a Minister of State has been known, but it was left to Sir John Gorst to define with exactitude the twofold function of the puppet. On the one hand, he informs us, a Minister of State represents in his department all the foolishness of the uninstructed public outside; on the other hand, he acts in Parliament as a kind of phonograph, taking the instructed voice of his department and repeating it in Parliament. It is a happy definition, and its truth is as obvious as

its ludicrousness. Conceive the Great Man walking into the Colonial Office, we shall say, and informing the permanent Under-Secretary that he has been appointed by Her Majesty as Colonial Secretary. He is received with grave respect, and his announcement listened to as if it were a matter which was big with the destinies of the British Empire. Bringing with him the ignorance of the uninstructed outside public which he represents, the new Minister proceeds, in the manner of the new broom, to guide the destinies of Great Britain's Colonial empire. The uninstructed public which he represents are waiting outside and watching for every sign that should indicate his masterful hand. He has told them that he will see that our Colonists get fair play, that they will not, any longer, be at the mercy of a vain old President of a ridiculous new Republic. Well; various things happen as the uninstructed public wait and watch. But they are not the things which were promised, not the things which the Public, as the alleged Governing power in this country, had a reasonable right to expect. Whereupon they cry out aloud that the newly appointed Colonial Secretary is a traitor to his country, and, what is far more important, a traitor to his platform pledges. In due time, to these freemen who fancy that they guide the destinies of a Great Empire, emerges from the Colonial Office the Colonial Secretary. His head is strangely bowed, and in his eyes, if one could see them, is the light of a strange knowledge. With a certain awkwardness he informs his howling audience that things are not as they seem; that he has no guiding power whatever; that like themselves he is extremely ignorant; that he is there, in short, simply to inform them what things can, and what things cannot, be done in the department over which he has the honour to have no control.

And if this control of his department is denied to a Colonial Secretary, the power to develop social reform is even less in the hands of Her Majesty's Ministers as a whole. For as Sir John Gorst put it very neatly, the success of social legislation depends upon two things: the qualifications of the minister by whom the reform is projected; and, more important still, upon the influences by which the Government, as a whole, are moved in carrying out their enterprise. This is indeed true. We know just how a minister looks in his place in Parliament when he has charge of a Bill about the inwardness of which he knows nothing. How amusingly he reveals at every blinding step, his dependence upon the political coach in his department; what an amateur he shows himself in the hands of a critic who has even a moderate knowledge of the subject. We know, also, how the Bill is followed through all its stages by party interests and vested interests, worried from pillar to post, and finally cast out of doors as an Act which is void of all effect, for the simple reason that not one of its administrators can understand it. No; social reform will never achieve any very important success under a Parliamentary government as we have it in this country. And we have our doubts whether more knowledge on the part of the electorate would improve matters, if the old machinery is left to creak along in the House of Commons. If the people want to be reformed they had better take their case in hand themselves. It will not be so amusing as watching the amateurs in Parliament playing at reform, but on the other hand it will be much more effective.

HAROLD FREDERIC.

AD MEMORIAM.

DEATH is hateful. It is an affectation of some to call it "beneficent," and of others to picture it as natural and necessary—the sleep that rounds our little day. But the stomach of man's sense revolts against such pitiful sophistry; death is detestable, the Arch-Enemy. The view that it is natural would be well enough did this insensate sleep befall only the outworn or the worthless; but just as often it palsies the vigorous, turns beauty to a fester, and high aims to an eyesore—some bleak unfinished building. Harold Frederic is dead. Perhaps to many of the readers of the "Saturday Review" he will be scarcely more than a name. The "Westminster Gazette" and the "Daily Chronicle" will doubtless tell every one that he was a brilliant.

journalist, a man of letters of rare promise, and only just forty-two years of age; but that is a meagre description of one of the most extraordinary and fascinating personalities of our time.

A few years ago I had to write in these columns of the death of Lord Randolph Churchill. It seemed to me terrible then that I had to prove his genius from this indication and from that: had to drag in the testimony of the Marquess of Hartington, and use witnesses and facts to establish what was as plain as the noonday sun. For Lord Randolph had done nothing worthy of his talents; he had left no adequate proof of his capacity in achievement; one had to judge him by what he would have done or might have done, had he lived. The untimeliness of his death added pity to the tragedy. In the same way now, having to write of a greater man, I must seek to convince strangers and the indifferent that they too have lost something in Frederic's death. For like Lord Randolph Churchill, Harold Frederic was an inheritor of unfulfilled renown.

He was born in 1856 at Utica, in New York State; he always spoke of himself as having a German strain in him, and this may be so, but his ineffectual, lovable father was probably more than half Irish, and his capable, reserved, managing mother was of sound New England stock. He was brought up rudely, wholesomely; was taken from school about twelve to sell milk and do the house chores; and probably learnt more in this way than books can teach. At fifteen or sixteen he worked in a photographer's studio; soon knew more than his master, and was able to keep himself independently and find time to read and think. This reading and thinking led him naturally to journalism: a long-legged gawky lad as he was then, full of unripe political enthusiasms and half-baked beliefs in regenerated men and a possible millennium. These faiths and aspirations, however, supplied the motive for exertion; and in a few years Frederic won from proof-reader to reporter, and from reporter to editor. Whatever his hand found to do he did it with all his might. Utica couldn't hold him long, and when he went to the capital, Albany, as editor of the "Evening Journal," he at once became a force in American politics. Like all men of great ability, the higher the post the more signal his success. In Albany he met the leading politicians of New York State, and among them Grover Cleveland, afterwards President of the United States, whom he always spoke of afterwards with admiration and liking.

By this time Frederic had begun to look at life with his own eyes, and had come to regard the majority of the party leaders at an angle which made their peculiarities laughable. And such laughter hastens growth. As time went on he perceived that most other men were of the same clay as the politicians, swayed too by the same self-interests and petty vanities, but the general truth not only did not ensavage or envenom him, it called out in him a deep tolerance and kindness. The bottom of this man's being was a big, kind heart, and the failings, shortcomings and vices of his fellows moved him rather to pity than to anger or contempt. His sympathy with suffering, too, and his hatred of oppression sprang from the same source, and he became noted for his love of Ireland and his passionate advocacy of Home Rule. And always that divine humour bubbled up in him, refreshing life's weariness. His capacity was so apparent, his qualities so popular, that in two years he was called from Albany to the "New York Times."

In the throng on Manhattan Island, among the best heads in the United States, Frederic made for himself a new reputation. In the office of the "Times" he proved himself the capable journalist: always ready, always more than equal to the occasion. But in the brain-world of New York he came to be regarded as something more than a capable writer on the press. Frederic was at this time twenty-seven years of age; he had not yet reached his full mental stature, but already he had begun to oversee others and to make a place for himself. He had lost the driving power of his youthful faiths and the popularity of accepted opinions, but more than ever he craved affection and admiration, and he got both by his gift of humour. He soon became known in New York as the best of boon com-

panions and a story-teller of the rarest. Within a year he was a greater favourite in New York than he had been even in Albany. But in the throng of light-livers and the combat of wits Frederic did not lose himself: he had grown tired of the daily chronicling of small beer, and the cholera plague in Spain and the South of France gave him the opportunity of escape from the trivial. He got himself sent to Europe in 1884 as a special correspondent of the "New York Times," and after completing his work as a "special," he settled in London as the regular correspondent of that paper. There can be no doubt that his desire to stay in London sprang first from his passionate belief in the justice of the Irish cause. He wanted to see the Irish leaders, as he used to say, from day to day and get to know them intimately, in order to be able to stir up American sentiment on their behalf when the favourable moment came. This belief in the oppression of Ireland was almost the last of his boyhood's faiths, and he clung to it for years with a pathetic devotion. It is not too much to say that the "New York Times" did more to arouse American sympathy with Ireland from 1884 to 1890 than any other journal. Frederic's pen-portraits of the Irish leaders were unforgettable, and if he put Dillon in his pillory beside Chamberlain, and Tim Healy upon a pedestal of praise, the judgment was accepted as in accordance with the facts, whereas it was determined solely by the affinity of genius for genius. But before the Irish cause went down with Parnell, Frederic had begun to lose some of his interest in it. He had come to see that the case of Ireland was not quite on all fours with that of an American State, and while he believed in Home Rule to the last, he doubted whether Home Rule would be a specific for Irish sufferings and Irish misery.

But the great heart of the man wanted a passionate interest in life outside himself, and this exclusive and absorbing interest he had already found in literature. His first novel, "Seth's Brother's Wife," appeared, I believe, in 1887, and it was quickly followed by "In the Valley," "The Lawton Girl," "The Return of the O'Mahony," "The Copperhead," "Marsena," "March Hares," and in 1896 his first popular success, "Illumination." Only a few weeks ago he revised for the press the sheets of his new book "Gloria Mundi," which is to be published on 1 November by Messrs. Heinemann, and his last work, "The Market Place," is, I believe, completed in manuscript, and now in the hands of his New York publishers. By these books Harold Frederic will ultimately be judged, and his place in English literature determined. And the pity of it is that among them there is not a single book worthy of the man, or even eminently characteristic of his wide humanity and exquisite humour. I do not mean to say that they are not good stories of workmanlike construction, and adorned with rare bits of character-drawing. On the contrary, they are all this and something more; they show a distinct development in artistry and interest. Let me take his last book, "Illumination," and write of it as I remember it from a reading that is now some two years old. "Illumination" began like a great book; the first hundred pages carried the reader away on a broad full tide of such narration as adorns "Rhoda Fleming," and is not to be found in any other English novel. At first I thought the book a classic, and exulted accordingly; then I found that the interest slackened and changed; finally a red-haired Irish girl that was meant to be a new sort of Lady Bountiful drew all hearts to her and tore the book to pieces by draining all the other characters of interest in a way that was not to be foreseen. When I put this opinion before Frederic I thought too highly of him to attempt to sugar the pill. He nodded his head. "It may be so," he said; "you see I've been working for two years on the book; could only take it up in the intervals of my journalism and so my interests had changed and the latter part had to be patched to the first." The journalism to Frederic was daily bread for himself and those dear to him; the art had to be attempted by the weary artisan. That is the explanation, it seems to me, of his comparative failure. Comparative I say deliberately, for no other English novelist in our time save Meredith has written a hundred pages equal to the first hundred in "Illumination."

It means a good deal to gain such a place as this when a man is only just forty. After all, what Lord Randolph had to do was to beat the 250 or 300 Members on his own side in politics; this he did and did easily, but that field is not an open one. It needs wealth to enter it, and consequently the competition is not nearly so severe as it would be were the barriers thrown down; besides, he was a Duke's son, and had a long start. But Harold Frederic got as quickly to the front rank in an arena where all may enter and where the prize is that immortal reputation which tempts the noblest to exertion. It was a great achievement. Moreover, it must not be forgotten that whereas Lord Randolph had only to beat his contemporaries, the Stafford Northcotes and Lord Crosses of the time, Frederic had perpetually to stand comparison with the greatest of all the past. Unconsciously one asked was "the Copperhead" as fine as "Balfour of Burleigh"? Was "Illumination" of such broad human interest as "Tom Jones"?

Judged by this standard Frederic, I am afraid, will be found to have failed. But I want to enter a protest against judging in this way a man who worked under the hampering condition of having given hostages to fortune while still young and poor. Frederic was a sort of modern Greatheart who was so much occupied in helping others that he never won a place in the kingdom for himself. Think of it: there is not in one of his books a vestige of that divine humour that used to set the table on a roar. Every one who was present will remember the dinner he gave to Sir Alfred Milner on the eve of Milner's departure to the Cape; every one, too, who heard it, will remember Frederic's astonishing speech. Was there ever such an after-dinner speech as that! Let me try with the silly sieve of a bad memory to catch for you some of that humour. He began by telling the company that he met Milner for the first time on the train going to Holyhead some time in 1884. Milner, it appeared, was going to Ireland for the "Pall Mall Gazette" (Stead's Gazette), while he (Frederic) was going for the "New York Times." He went on to relate how he patronised Milner as a new convert. He had the advantage of Milner: he knew all about Milner, while Milner, Englishman-like, seemed to know nothing about him. He told Milner everything interesting about himself that he could think of, for Milner was a first-rate companion, a most attentive listener, who never interrupted; he got so friendly with Milner after keeping him awake all night listening to his family history, that he borrowed some money of him in Dublin—in fact, got to know him quite well. And so on, in a narration so full of vital humour that we laughed and laughed and laughed, while getting to know both Milner and Frederic in the laughing. It was a notable company; Milner, and Birrell, and Dilke and Wyndham were the stars of it, but Frederic outshone them all with beautiful supernal radiance. And now he lies there dead—almost the youngest of them; and one must draw a line and cast up the unfinished account.

Let me not for grief forget the chief sum to his credit. "The noble nature," says Strauss somewhere, "must enjoy a kind of immortality through all those who have derived spiritual benefit from it." Now, virtue came from contact with Frederic, the virtue of a broad, tolerant humanity, and of a richly humorous nature. No one who knew him is ever likely to forget him, and on all, I should imagine, his influence was vivifying, liberating, health-giving. That sort of immortality promised by Strauss will certainly fall to him, and what other immortality is within the reach of man? A few centuries and Homer will be forgotten; a few centuries more and Shakespeare, too, will become the prey of oblivion. Language alters as quickly as the climate or coast-line, and, however we brazen it out,

"Our noisy years
Are but as moments in the Being
Of the Eternal silence."

One thing may be said of Harold Frederic with absolute assurance. He came to England as a foreigner and in a few years he was one of us—one of those, indeed, who steered us, a friend of man and a lover. In no country of this earth could he have long been an alien and that may now be said of his spirit. In no part

of this universe could it feel lonely or unbefriended; it was in harmony with all that flowers and gives perfume in life.

FRANK HARRIS.

ARLES.

ARLES is the one place in the world to which one goes, and admits that one goes, for the sake of the women. There are, indeed, other things to see there. There is the amphitheatre, there are the cloisters of St. Trophime; there are, if one walks a few miles into the country, the surprising remains of the abbey of Mont-Major. But, all the same, when people go to Arles they go there to see the Arlesiennes. The fame of the women of Arles has gone over the whole world, and while beautiful women are but one among the attractions of all other places, an attraction which has but rarely got into guide-books (what guide-book sends one to Warsaw, for instance, to see beautiful women?), Arles has the extraordinary distinction of existing on the fame of its beautiful women.

The first time I was in Arles, eight years ago, I was a little disappointed, and I wrote an article, which I now rather regret, for it had the honour to be translated into French by that patriotic Provençal, M. Henri Mazel, and published in the "Revue du Midi," where I fear it may have been read by some of the Arlesiennes themselves. But now, on my second visit to Arles, I am beginning to understand the Arlesiennes. I was a little unjust to them when I saw them first, forgetting that they were bound to have something of the defects of the professional beauty. They know that all the world has heard of them, and that all the world comes to Arles to stare at them; and they meet your glance with the air of one who says: "Yes, here I am; you are quite welcome to look at me!" They walk with a magnificent composure, carrying their solid figures delicately on small feet. And in their composure there is not only that self-conscious lending of oneself that belongs to the professional beauty; there is another little air, over and beyond that, which says, just as clearly: "Yes, and when you have finished, I belong to myself, after all!"

It is never safe to say that a woman looks passionless if one means by that she probably is passionless; but the women of Arles do not look passionate. They gaze at you frankly, as an animal might, and without the slightest provocativeness. They seem to feel that they are fulfilling the purpose of their being, merely by being.

And, indeed, why not? Here is a townful of peasant women who are like a townful of artists' models, who dress in a particular, unusual, extraordinarily becoming costume, and who are not artists' models at all, but simple peasants, the only peasants in the world who are always thinking about what most women should always be thinking about—their personal appearance.

I once, by mistake, got out of the train at a small village in the midst of Silesia, and spent there several of the hours that follow the hour of five on a Sunday morning. The people were on their way to early morning church. They were mostly women of about the middle age, or of all the ages, at least, that have thoroughly left behind youth. I am sure they were worthy and pious people; they had put on all their best finery to go to church, and they walked obstinately, clutching their prayer-books; but never before had I realised how far humanity can go in the direction of forgetting sex, forgetting humanity. They were all shapeless, there was not one who was only moderately plain; they were like raw lumps of flesh, roughly thrown together, and tied in with ill-fitting, dowdy clothes. Lower than the animals, for the animals, at least, have always their own natural grace, and the animals certainly are always anxious to please one another; these peasants, in whom life had dwindled to its bare holding together in existence, and in which generation after generation, without care for themselves or for one another, had brought existence down to this, showed me, once and for all, what the peasant nature, left to itself without the inspiring idea of sex and the enlivening idea of vanity, will come to. Arles is the supreme protest in the world of the peasant against the peasant idea of practical utility.

For one cannot doubt that to the Arlesienne beauty is

really a very serious, very considerable thing, and the continuance of the race on its present conditions the one important consideration. I do not quite see (unless one supposes them to have their own way of understanding the very newest theory of sex) how they manage to produce generation after generation of beautiful women, and hardly ever by accident a handsome man. But so it is; they have concentrated their whole thought in the world, as I suppose, on the production of beautiful daughters, and the fixed idea has had its own way. The mere fact of their almost universal continuance of the national costume shows the power of their obstinacy, for how rarely elsewhere does one see the national costume! They have accepted their inheritance.

The type of the Arlesienne is a little difficult to describe. It has in it something very decidedly Spanish, but its way of remaining, after all, French, is its particular charm. The face is not always quite regular, it has often exaggerated eyebrows, sometimes a chin continued a little too far into the neck. But there is always an extraordinary clearness of complexion, for the most part dark, but of all colours, from deep brown to the palest ivory; and there is for the most part black hair, parted in the middle over a low forehead, and brought smoothly back over the temples. The eyes too are dark, owing much of their effect to their placing in the face, to their relation to the eyebrows and to the nose. The figure, set off to such admirable advantage by the white lace opening over an inner lace chemisette, is for the most part perfect; solid without being overdeveloped, nicely caught in at the waist, and carried magnificently. It is indeed in their carriage that the Arlesiennes apparently rely for perhaps the largest part of their effect. They walk certainly like goddesses; like women, that is, whose feet are carrying something sacred, a divine body.

And these splendid, consciously beautiful creatures, are to be seen in every doorway, sitting sewing outside the door, through the windows one passes, turning the corner of every narrow, winding street, kneeling in the dim churches. They await the traveller, like statues that one goes to see in museums, adorable, entirely remote from one, a pure pleasure to the eyes; and they unite the whole world, sympathetically, in a platonic love.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

LA "PULPERIA."

IT may have been the Flor de Mayo, Rosa del Sur, or Tres de Junio, or again but have been known as the Pulperia upon the Huesos, or the Esquina on the Napostá. But let its name have been what chance or the imagination of some Neapolitan or Basque had given it, I see it, and seeing it, dismounting, fastening my "redomon" to the palenque, enter, loosen my facon, feel if my pistol is in its place, and calling out "Carlón" receive my measure of strong, heady Spanish red wine in a tin cup. Passing it round to the company, who touch it with their lips to show their breeding, I seem to feel the ceaseless little wind which always blows upon the southern plains, stirring the dust upon the pile of fleeces in the court and whistling through the wooden "rejar" where the pulpero stands behind his counter with his pile of bottles close beside him, ready for what may chance. For outward visible signs, a low, squat, mud-built house, surrounded by a shallow ditch on which grew stunted cactuses, and with paja burana sticking out of the abode of the over-hanging eaves. Brown, sun-baked, dusty-looking, it stands up, an island in the sea of waving hard-stemmed grasses which the improving settler passes all his life in a vain fight to improve away, and make his own particular estancia an Anglo-Saxon Eden of trim sheep-cropped turf, set here and there with "agricultural implements," broken and thrown aside, and though imported at great trouble and expense destined to be replaced by ponderous native ploughs hewn from the solid ñandubay and which, of course, inevitably prove the superiority of the so-called unfit. For inward graces, the "raja" before which runs a wooden counter at which the flower of the Gauchage of the district lounge, or sit with their toes sticking through their potro boots, swinging their legs and keeping time to the "cielito" of the "pazador" upon his cracked guitar, the strings eked out with fine-cut thongs of mare's hide, by jingling their spurs.

Behind the wooden grating, sign in the Pampa of the eternal hatred betwixt those who buy and those who sell, some shelves of yellow pine, on which are piled ponchos from Leeds, ready-made calzoncillos, alparagatas, figs, sardines, raisins, bread—for bread upon the Pampa used to be eaten only at Pulperias—saddle-cloths, and in a corner the "botilleria," where Vermuth, Absinthe, square-faced gin, Vino Carlon, and Seco stand in a row, with the barrel of Brazilian caña, on the top of which the pulpero ostentatiously parades his pistol and his knife. Outside, the tracks led through the biscacheras, all converging after the fashion of the rails at a junction; at the palenque before the door stood horses tied by strong raw-hide cabrestos, hanging their heads in the fierce sun, shifting from leg to leg, whilst their companions hobbled, plunged about, rearing themselves on their hind legs to jump like kangaroos.

Now and then Gauchos rode up, their iron spurs hanging off their naked feet, held by a raw-hide thong; some dressed in black bombacas and vicuña ponchos, their horses weighted down with silver, and prancing sideways as their riders sat immovable, but swaying from the waist upwards like willows in a wind. Others, again, on lean young colts, riding upon a saddle covered with sheepskin, gripping the small hide stirrup with their toes and forcing them up to the posts with shouts of "Ah bagual!" "Ah Pehuelche!" "Ahijuna!" and with resounding blows of their short, flat-lashed whips, which they held by a thong between their fingers or slipped upon their wrists, then grasping their frightened horses by the ears, got off as gingerly as a cat jumps from a wall. From the rush-thatched, mud-walled rancheria at the back the women, who always haunt the outskirts of a pulperia in the districts known as tierra adentro (the inside country), Indians and semi-whites, mulatresses, and now and then a stray Basque or Italian girl turned out to share the quantity they considered love with all mankind.

But gin and politics, with horses' marks, accounts of fights, and recollections of the last revolution, kept men for the present occupied with serious things, so that the women were constrained to sit and smoke, drink maté, plait each other's hair (searching it diligently the while), and wait until Carlón with Vino Seco, square-faced rum, cachaza, and the medicated log-wood broth, which on the Pampa passes for "Vino Francés," has made men sensible to their softer charms. That which in Europe we call love and think by inventing it that we have cheated God, who clearly planted nothing but an instinct of self-continuation in mankind, as in the other animals, seems either to be in embryo, waiting for economic advancement to develop it, or is perhaps not even dormant in countries such as those in whose vast plains the pulperia stands for club, exchange, for meeting place, and represents all that in other lands men think they find in Paris or in London, and choose to dignify under the style of intellectual life. Be it far from me to think that we have bettered the Creator's scheme; or by the substitution of our polyandry for polygamy, bettered the position of women, or in fact done anything but changed and made more complex that which at first was clear to understand.

But, be that as it may and without dogmatism, our love, our vices, our rendering wicked things natural in themselves, our secrecy, our pruriency, adultery, and all the myriad ramifications of things sexual, without which no novelist could earn his bread, fall into nothing, except there is a press-directed public opinion, laws, bye-laws, leaded type and headlines, so to speak, to keep them up. True, nothing of all this entered our heads as we sat drinking, listening to a contest of minstrelsy "por contrapunto" betwixt a Gaucho pazador and a "matrero negro" of great fame, who each in turn taking the cracked "changango" in their lazy hardened hands, plucked at its strings in such a style as to well illustrate the saying that to play on the guitar is not a thing of science, but requires but perseverance, hard finger tips, and an unusual development of strength in the right wrist. Negro and pazador each sang alternately; firstly old Spanish love songs handed down from before the independence, quavering and high, and in which Frasquita rhymed to chiquita, and one Cupido, whom I never saw in Pampa, lona, rincón, bolson, or

medano, in the Chañares, amongst the woods of ñandubay, the pajonales, sierras, cuchillas, or in all the land, figured and did nothing very special; flourished, and then departed in a high falsetto shake, a rough sweep of the hard brown fingers over the jarring strings forming his fitting epitaph.

The story of "El Fausto," and how the Gaucho, Aniceto, went to Buenos Ayres, saw the opera of Faust, lost his punal in the crush to take his seat, sat through the fearsome play, saw face to face the enemy of man, described¹ as being dressed in long stockings to the stifle joint, eyebrows like arches for tilting at the wing, and eyes like water holes in a dry river bed, succeeded, and the negro took up the challenge and rejoined. He told how, after leaving town, that Aniceto mounted on his Overo rosao,² fell in with his "compadre," told all his wondrous tale, and how they finished off their bottle and left it floating in the river like a buoy.

The pazador, not to be left behind, and after having tuned his guitar and put the "cejilla" on the strings, launched into the strange life of Martin Fierro, type of the Gauchos on the frontier, related his multifarious fights, his escapades, and love affairs, and how at last he, his friend, Don Cruz, saw on an evening the last houses as, with a stolen tropilla of good horses, they passed the frontier to seek the Indians' tents. The death of Cruz, the combat of Martin with the Indian chief—he with his knife, the Indian with the bolas, and how Martin slew him and rescued the captive woman, who prayed to heaven to aid the Christian, with the body of her dead child, its hands secured in a string made out of one of its own entrails, lying before her as she watched the varying fortunes of the fight, he duly told. La Vuelta de Martin and the strange maxims of Tio Viscacha, that Pampa cynic whose maxims were never to ride up to a house where dogs were thin, and who set forth that arms are necessary, but no man can tell when, were duly recorded by the combatants, listened to and received as new and authentic by the audience, till at last the singing and the frequent glasses of Carlon made pazador and negro feel that the time had come to leave off contrapunto and decide which was most talented in music, with their facons. A personal allusion to the colour of the negro's skin, a retort calling in question the nice conduct of the pazador's sister, and then two savages foaming at the mouth, their ponchos wrapped round their arms, their bodies bent so as to protect their vitals, and their knives quivering like snakes, stood in the middle of the room. The company withdrew themselves into the smallest space, stood on the tops of casks, and at the door the faces of the women looked in delight, whilst the pulpero, with a pistol and a bottle in his hands, closed down his grating and was ready for whatever might befall. "Negro," "Ahijuna," "Miente," "carajo," and the knives flash and send out sparks as the returns de tic au tac jar the fighters' arms up to the shoulder joints. In a moment all is over, and from the pazador's right arm the blood drops in a stream on the mud floor and all the company step out and say the negro is a "valiente," "muy guapeton," and the two adversaries swear friendship over a tin mug of gin. But all the time during the fight, and whilst outside the younger men had ridden races barebacked, making false starts to tire each other's horses out, practising all the tricks they knew, as kicking their adversary's horse in the chest, riding beside their opponent and trying to lift him from his seat by placing their foot underneath his and pushing upwards, an aged Gaucho had gradually become the centre figure of the scene.

Seated alone he muttered to himself, occasionally broke into a falsetto song, and now and then half drawing out his knife, glared like a tiger cat, and shouted Viva Rosas, though he knew that chieftain had been dead for twenty years.

Tall and with straggling iron-grey locks hanging

¹ "Medias hasta la berija
Con cada ajo como un charco,
Y cada ceja era un arco
Para cower la sortija."

² "En un overo rosao, flete lindo y parejito,
Cayo al bajo al troceto, y lindamente sentao.
Un paisano del Bragao, de apelativo Laguna,
Mozo ginetao ahijuna, como creo que no hay otro
Capaz a llevar un potro a sofrenarlo en la luna."

down his back, a broad-brimmed plush hat kept in its place by a black ribbon with two tassels under his chin, a red silk Chinese handkerchief tied loosely round his neck and hanging with a point over each shoulder-blade, he stood dressed in his chiripa and poncho, like a mad prophet amongst the motley crew. Upon his feet were potro boots, that is the skin taken off the hind leg of a horse, the hock joint forming the heel and the hide softened by pounding with a mallet, the whole tied with a garter of a strange pattern woven by the Indians, leaving the toes protruding to catch the stirrups, which as a domador he used, made of a knot of hide. Bound round his waist he had a set of ostrich balls covered in lizard skin, and his broad belt made of carpincho leather was kept in place by five Brazilian dollars, and through it stuck a long "facon" with silver handle shaped like a half moon, and silver sheath fitted with a catch to grasp his sash. Whilst others talked of women or of horses, alluding to their physical perfections, tricks or predilections, their hair, hocks, eyes, brands or peculiarities, discussing them alternately with the appreciation of men whose tastes are simple but yet know all the chief points of interest in both subjects, he sat and drank. Tio Cabrera, said the others, is in the past, he thinks of times gone by, of the Italian girl whom he forced and left with her throat cut and her tongue protruding, at the pass of the Puán; of how he stole the Indian's horses, and of the days when Rosas ruled the land. Pucha compadre, those were times eh? Before the "nations," English, Italian and Neapolitan with French and all the rest came here to learn the taste of meat, and ride, the "maturangos," in their own countries having never seen a horse. But though they talked at, yet they refrained from speaking to him, for he was old and even the devil knows more because of years than because he is the devil, and they knew also that to kill a man was to Tio Cabrera as pleasant an exercise as for them to kill a sheep. But at last I, with the accumulated wisdom of my twenty years, holding a glass of caña in my hand, approached him and inviting him to drink, said not exactly knowing why, "Viva Urquiza," and then the storm broke out. His eyes flashed fire, and drawing his facon he shouted "Muera! . . . Viva Rosas," and drove his knife into the mud walls, struck on the counter with the flat of the blade, foamed at the mouth, broke into snatches of obscene and long-forgotten songs as "Viva Rosas! Muera Urquiza dale guasca en la petiza," whilst the rest not heeding that I had a pistol in my belt tried to restrain him by all means in their power. But he was maddened, yelled "Yes I, Tio Cabrera, known also as el Cordero, tell you I know how to play the violin (a euphemism on the south pampa for cutting throats) in Rosas time, Viva el General, I was his right hand man and have despatched many a Unitario dog either to Trapalanda or to hell." Caña, blood, Viva Rosas, Muera, then tottering and shaking, his knife slipped from his hands and he fell on a pile of sheepskins with white foam exuding from his lips. Even the Gauchos who took a life as other men take a cigar, and from their earliest childhood are brought up to kill, were dominated by his brute fury, and shrank to their horses in dismay. The pulpero murmured "savage" from behind his bars, the women trembled and ran to their "tolderia" holding each other by the hands, and the guitar players sat dumb fearing their instruments might come to harm. I, on the contrary, either impelled by the strange savagery inherent in men's blood or by some reason I cannot explain, caught the infection and getting on my horse, a half wild "redomon," spurred him and set him plunging, and at each bound struck him with the flat edge of my facon, then shouting "Viva Rosas," galloped out furiously upon the plain.

R. B. CUNNINGHAM GRAHAME.

THE PATRIOTIC FUND.—IV.

CONCLUDING ARTICLE.

OUR readers should now be able to appreciate the true position of the Patriotic Fund Commissioners. They hold a Commission to apply their Fund and its accumulations in the way they think best for the benefit of the widows and children of officers and men of the naval and military forces. The money is only at their

disposal so far as it is not required to meet liabilities and claims existing prior to the date of their latest Commission—April 3, 1897. But on the other hand, if their money falls short they are specially authorised to ask for and receive from the public any fresh contributions which they may want for the charitable duties put upon them. They have at their command the aid of all authorities, civil, naval and military, who are bound to help them in their work whenever called upon. But they admit that they cannot even meet the applications they have invited from the widows of Crimean soldiers, and they excuse themselves from making any fresh appeal to the public for subscriptions on the ground that they cannot get other charities for soldiers and sailors to give up their good work and come under their administration, and that the War Office will not give them a freer hand with the Soldiers' Effects Fund. This is very like another way of saying that there is no public confidence in the Patriotic Fund, and those who have read our previous articles will not wonder that this confidence is entirely lacking.

We have found that the total capital of the Patriotic Fund is nearly £900,000. Let us make liberal deductions for the amounts sunk in permanent educational and orphan fund endowments; let us also leave out of account the Soldiers' Effects Fund which the Commissioners cannot freely handle. They are left with more than half a million to deal with in such a manner as will restore the confidence of the public.

It is by the management of this half million that the Patriotic Fund Commission are rightly tested. They would not have half a million, in the opinion of competent judges, if those for whom the money was subscribed had had their own. We have shown in detail how it has been accumulated by the process of "husbanding resources," which in this case is hardly distinguishable from robbing the widow and the orphan. The Duke of Cambridge was asked by the Select Committee whether the Commissioners (he is their Chairman) were harmonious. This was his significant reply:—

"There has been good feeling, but I think the naval men have an idea that they ought to give the money away at once, instead of which we think there ought to be something to fall back upon."

Most people agree with the naval men. So also do the Select Committee who reported that "it was the intention of the donors to a fund for a special calamity that the money raised should be expended on the sufferers."

Forty years after the Crimean war a fund for the benefit of the widows and orphans of the soldiers and sailors who fought in that war was standing at nearly £350,000, and was so administered as to show upon the actuarial estimate of assets and liabilities an accumulating surplus of £106,000. Upon the system which makes this possible here is the unanswerable comment of an eminent actuary—Mr. Ralph Price Hardy—as frankly given to the Select Committee of 1896:—

"It would have been possible at certain epochs, not every year, to have ascertained truly the safe available surplus, and then and there to have applied it in increasing the allowances; but by withholding that operation, and by this policy of the Commissioners, they have done considerable injustice to those unfortunate persons who have died; that is to say, they have been withholding the entire fruition of this property and the sums withheld have gone over to the survivors."

The Commissioners will not even now take the hint. They are following the same course again. The surplus of £106,000 has been capitalised in what is now known as the New General Fund; and what that £106,000 odd brings in as funded capital—no more—is available for extension of relief. The Commissioners will not "empty the Fund," as it is called; they will not calculate surpluses and detach them in advance. Not only, as Mr. Hardy also said, have they not done what the public asked them to do with the money, but they have kept it back according to some theoretical conceptions of their own as to some standard of allowance. Here, in one question, and one answer, out of the evidence before the Select Committee will be found the kernel of the nut:—

Mr. Seale-Hayne: "I wish to ask you your opinion as a well-known actuary, would it not be better as a financial transaction to realise all these funds at their market value, and to purchase from the Government annuities sufficient in amount to meet the various demands upon these funds, and in your view do not you think that that would result in your being able to have a larger amount disposable for charitable purposes than you have at the present time?"

Mr. Hardy: "That is what we should do in the City."

This business-like method does not suit the Patriotic Fund. They prefer the Duke of Cambridge's plan of keeping "something to fall back upon." Said the innocent Miss Weston, who has done so much for our sailors: "It is not because twelve widows are in distress that you are not to relieve four, if you can do it. That seems to me to be an extraordinary proposition." But as our previous articles have shown, that is precisely the manner of proceeding that has commended itself to the Duke of Cambridge and his fellow-Commissioners of the Patriotic Fund.

The Duke of Cambridge has a Soldiers' Charity Fund of his own—at least there is one in which he is deeply interested. He took care that in his time as Commander-in-Chief the balance of the Military Tournament profits should go to that charity because it was for the relief of old soldiers, and "we all felt strongly that an old soldier ought never to die in the workhouse." That there are many soldiers' widows in the workhouse has not greatly stimulated the Patriotic Fund Commissioners in the past or the present to "empty their fund." Yet that is the one condition of appealing with any success to the public to fill the fund once more. The policy of husbanding resources does not answer in charity. Charitable resources are not meant to be husbanded but to be freely spent. To the charity that *hath not* shall be given; but not to the charity that *hath*. Subscriptions from the public are for the then living claimants for charity; and capital and interest should be absolutely exhausted for their benefit.

The Patriotic Fund staff, with their salaries and pensions, would have received less attention but for this policy of husbanding resources. But that these charges should continue to eat into a fund the conservation of which, according to actuarial testimony, has "done considerable injustice to those unfortunate persons who have died," is not likely to be tolerated by the charitable public, unless there is a drastic reform. The pensions must go in any case, and the salaries must be justified by the popular approval of the manner of administering the Fund. The present Secretary has his army pension, and looks forward to his Patriotic Fund pension too. A contract is a contract, and let Colonel Young have his due. But such a contract is in itself a condemnation of the Patriotic Fund administration. There are many officers bewailing the age of retirement to whom the chance of devoting their undesired leisure to a service charity would be regarded as an honour. A sense of what was proper, and a willingness to accept the legal responsibility of an employee marked by this payment, would suggest their acceptance of a salary, but they would repudiate the idea of a pension. In their keenness to secure the administration of other service charities, the Patriotic Fund has contrasted the management expenses, and especially the salaries of their own and other funds, by the illusory method of calculating these expenses as a percentage of expenditure. The veriest baby in arithmetic can see that a small salary assessed as a percentage on a fund distributing a few hundreds a year will look bigger than a large one assessed upon the thousands that the Patriotic Fund has to expend. The answer to these unworthy comparisons is that the Patriotic Fund salaries as a percentage of expenditure ought to have been smaller still if the expenditure had been on the more liberal scale demanded by a truly charitable policy as opposed to the policy of husbanding resources. But on the question of management expenses, consider the light which the following conversation throws upon the tactics of the Patriotic Fund administrators. It is a conversation between Mr. Kearley, M.P., and Colonel Young, the Secretary to the Patriotic Fund Commission, and we take it from the Blue Book:—

Mr. Kearley : "How long has it been your practice to charge 4 per cent. for management of special funds on income or expenditure, whichever is smaller?"

Colonel Young : "Since 1 January, 1895."

"Previously the practice was to charge the 4 per cent. on the income?"

"It was."

"Which led to such anomalies as 33 per cent. in the case of the Royal Naval Relief Fund, and 16 per cent. on the Soldiers' Effects Fund as the cost of management?"

"The total amount was insignificant in any case. I think in the Royal Naval Relief Fund it amounted to £12 per annum, and the amount done for it was pretty considerable, even though there was not much relief."

"You only made that alteration after the sittings of this Committee commenced?"

"No one is more appreciative of the fact than myself that this Committee has done us good in some details."

"This inquiry has done the Patriotic Fund Commissioners good?"

"Undoubtedly."

"This alteration makes the accounts look very different. If you compare the charges for management to special funds in the Report for 1894, at page 28, and the Report for 1895, page 48, I see that the expense charged for the management of the Royal Naval Relief Fund is reduced from £12 to £3, and the expense of management of the Soldiers' Effects Fund is reduced from £179 to £43."

"That is so."

"But the actual expense of administering these funds has not become less?"

"The funds generally, certainly not."

Colonel Young admits that the Parliamentary Committee has done the Patriotic Fund good "in some details." But there is no evidence that it is any better in the bulk. There is no evidence in the last report that the other funds are jumping at the invitation to hand over their business to Colonel Young. There is not even any evidence that any progress has been made in the creation of a Consultative Committee, in which the administrators of these other funds should have a voice. The other funds follow different methods. The Lloyd's Patriotic Fund, for example, is liberal and quick in its administration, and its surpluses are used to augment available income, not to increase capital. The Imperial War Fund, through Colonel Tully, not only acts with promptitude, but suits its relief to the needs of the applicant. A timely gift of a sewing-machine has made a widow independent, where a belated and calculated annuity from the Patriotic Fund would but emphasise the woman's need. Miss Weston told the Committee that the first scale of pensions proposed by the Patriotic Fund after the "Victoria" disaster was "a most miserable scale." "It was a starvation scale; it was received, I was going to say, with a perfect howl all through the service." It is of little use suggesting reforms to an administration who confess themselves too weak to appeal to the public to supplement funds which they find to be inadequate. What is wanted is public confidence, and for this it is essential that there should be a reorganization of the Patriotic Fund in the eye of the public, such a reorganization as would free it from past reproaches, completely rehabilitate it, and convince the public that the spirit of charity had chased away from the administration the calculating commercial genius which finds its chief triumph in the "husbanding of resources."

THE OLD CONDUCTOR, THE YOUNG, AND THE MIDDLE-AGED.

ON the 8th every one possessing the smallest degree of sense went to the Crystal Palace to hear the Old; on Monday and Wednesday evenings following it was worth while to go to the Promenade Concerts to hear the Young; on Monday of this week one went as a matter of course to hear the Middle-aged; and the ancient comparison of Mr. Manns with so very different a type of musician as Mr. Henry Wood, and of Mr. Henry Wood with Richter, was as interesting as ever. Mr. Manns, first, is a trifle older than Mr. Wood, or for that matter than Richter, and lives, moves and has his

being in a world that Mr. Wood never knew, and that Richter only knows slightly, the world that regards Mendelssohn as only a little, if at all, lower than Beethoven, Mozart as considerably beneath both of them, and Wagner—if one only spoke the truth—as a latter-day intruder clean out of the traditional line of classical composers. It is the world of Sir George Grove as well as of Mr. Manns, and of a thousand duffers who cannot see in Beethoven, nor even in Mendelssohn, what Mr. Manns and Sir George Grove see in them; it is a world which seems outrageously impossible to the generation that regards Beethoven as perhaps the equal of Mozart, but Mendelssohn as a talented Jew-boy who got little further than the second letter of the alphabet of music. It is a world, moreover, in which genuine conducting, playing on the orchestra, was absolutely unknown. It makes such an admirer of Sir George Grove as myself blush to think of the renderings of Beethoven that pleased him half-a-century ago. Probably they were very little better than the Philharmonic gives now. It was a strange world; but the strangest thing in the whole business is that, living in that world, and cherishing so many of its odd illusions and delusions, Mr. Manns has grown to be a conductor in many respects as modern as the most of us could wish. He began as a bandmaster who made his men play accurately and keep their uniforms smart; and he has gradually become an artist, in his way a perfect artist. He cannot play Wagner as Wagner is played by Mottl or Wood; but the music he really loves, the music he would take to Siberia with him were Lord Salisbury to hand him over to Russia as a "graceful concession" and possibly a Nihilist, the music of Beethoven, Schubert, Bach, Handel, Haydn, he plays perfectly, and with quite a modern, an un-early-Victorian, sense of its beauty. It is only in his playing of Wagner and Mozart that one perceives the early Victorian, the musician of the Mendelssohnite age; it is only by his playing of Schumann that one perceives that in some respects the man of the Mendelssohnite age is still struggling to emerge from his Mendelssohnism. When, for instance, he was working away on Saturday week at the tiresome Rhenish symphony, one knew instinctively that he was feeling young once again, once again a pioneer, a pioneer showing that mighty though Mendelssohn was, Schumann was not precisely to be scoffed at, but indeed a master whose music is crammed full of profound meanings. What the meanings are, heaven only knows; but many gentlemen of no considerable intelligence find them; and Mr. Manns, a gentleman of undoubted intelligence, goes on conducting vigorously, seemingly hoping to find them some day. It corresponds exactly to his treatment of Schumann, and to his reverence and enthusiasm for Schumann, that he plays Wagner with a happy-go-lucky carelessness and energy and at least a little condescension. Wagner is to him an untamed and untameable young giant; what he chiefly feels in Wagner, in any piece of Wagner, from the "Dutchman" overture to the Death-song in "Tristan" is its fire, vigour and colour. So he rushes gaily through, undoubtedly giving one, almost thrusting into one's brain, very vivid, extraordinarily vivid, impressions of certain sides of Wagner's music. All the energy is there, all the picturesque colour, all the flaming passion; but of its quality of deep and tender human emotion he seems to have no faintest notion. Yet this, taken together with the fact that he finds and interprets much of the human side of Beethoven's music, only shows what a pre-established conviction can do. It is because Mr. Manns learnt to believe in the days of the old world that Wagner's music was, one might almost say, inhuman, that he finds no human quality in it. On the whole I think I prefer Mr. Manns in Beethoven; he certainly gets the best and fullest out of himself in Beethoven, and especially in such symphonies as the Fourth. In the slow movement of the Fifth he does not fill the cup full, nor is the liquor rich enough; in the finale one feels the lack of massive strength behind that buoyant, sparkling vigour. But he gives us all the sheer beauty of the immortal song in the Fourth, and its deep, tremulous joyfulness does not lie outside his emotional gamut. I don't know

whether or not it is owing to Mr. Manns having formerly conducted a military band and having thus acquired a love of plenty of the wood-wind tone that the wood-wind tone at the Crystal Palace is always much louder, and sometimes harsher, than at other concerts. But it certainly is so; and this is not a bad thing in much of Beethoven, who so often smothered the wood-wind under a mass of strings. In Schubert he is fine also, in the same way as he is fine in Wagner, missing only the qualities which he misses in Wagner, but giving us all Schubert's energy and graphic picturesqueness. With Mozart he is never successful; he plays Mozart as he plays Handel; and though with Handel the result is entrancing, with Mozart it is merely meaningless. But Mr. Manns is a conductor to hear as often as possible. I myself rarely miss an opportunity, despite the deplorable railway arrangements, which do not come up even to my by no means sybaritic notions of personal comfort.

The main difference between Mr. Manns and Mr. Wood is that the latter, and not the former, is the more serious musician. This may seem odd to the many good people who are still under the impression that Mendelssohn, because he wrote solemn oratorios and symphonies, was a more serious musician than Wagner, who wrote only operas and music-dramas. These very estimable people imagine that a man who has devoted his life to playing the immaculate Mendelssohn, and to preaching the gospel of Schumann, must of necessity be a more serious, a more profound, musician than one who has devoted his life to playing and preaching Wagner. Of course these beliefs are delightfully naïve; but then they are altogether wrong, without foundation. They are only part of the general belief of the last generation that it was wiser and more serious than this generation. It was not. The last generation had not seriousness enough to be serious over serious things: it was serious enough over trifles, the conventions that enable the social machine to travel easily, and such ideas as duty and the sacredness of the marriage vow: it wasted its seriousness on these and took no thought of the seriousness of life. That we come to this earth and have at most some thirty years—many of us have not that—of full and active life, and then are wiped out, as a pencil drawing is wiped off a slate, and all the game is over—this never occurred to the last generation, judging from the way it spent its days on formalities and such idiotic absurdities as the making of a fortune. This generation—the best part of this generation—is too wise to waste the brief years thus. We reject all that our fathers have told us—our fathers who threw away their precious lives on useless objects and died despairing or hoping to gain the phantom happiness in a future world for the existence of which there is no tittle of evidence which would not be rejected by a man so stupid as an average judge. We want to have the last sensation, the last thrill, out of life, and we will waste no irrecoverable moment on anything that does not help us to do that. We view life so seriously as to pass contemptuously, as to regard as quite irrelevant, a hundred thousand things which were thought all-important by our forebears who had not realised the brevity and therefore the seriousness of life. We know that "ripeness is all," and that death, absolutely, without reservations, ends all; and we seek only for ripeness. Now this is and is not a digression. It has no direct connexion with Mr. Wood; but it explains to an extent the difference between Mr. Wood and Mr. Manns. Mr. Manns belongs to an age which accepted many of the irrelevancies of life as essentials, and accepted Mendelssohn as the teacher of essentials; Mr. Wood, quite unconsciously I suspect, belongs to the generation which has awakened to the seriousness of life. Mr. Manns believes in Mendelssohn, Schumann and Schumann's meanings; Mr. Wood knows that little in Schumann or Mendelssohn gives him pleasure, the high delight and thrill that one lives for, and he scornfully rejects them both. Mr. Manns endeavours to make every detail clear, to play everything in a way to which Schumann himself could take no exception; and he does this mainly because he considers it good musicianship. Mr. Wood tries first to give the true general impression of everything he plays; and he does this because he knows that it is not the technical

structure that thrills one, but the beauty of the things and the emotion it communicates. The giving of that impression made safe, Mr. Wood goes on to secure perfection of detail; for he is a musician, and after all every true musician is a bit of a pedant in a harmless way. But I wish to insist that it is not because Mr. Wood is less, but because he is really more serious, than Mr. Manns, because he belongs to a more serious generation, a generation which looks the truth squarely in the face, that he plays the orchestra so differently from Mr. Manns, and plays such different kinds of music. Within recent times, within even my own memory, I have talked so often of Mr. Wood that it is needless to discuss him in detail once again. But I admire his playing so much, and take so great a pride in having been amongst the first to hail him as the biggest conductor England has produced, that I want to take the admirer's privilege of finding fault. His fault is that he gets too far away from Mr. Manns' fault—if so excellent a quality can be called a fault—of taking a great deal of pains with detail. I long to hear his orchestral tone as beautifully balanced as Mr. Manns' or Richter's; I want him to let the brass sing freely, and not to drive it into a corner and bully it until it moves as stiffly as a column of raw recruits. This curious stiffness and hardness of the brass, this uncertain balance, does not result from mastery, but from lack of mastery. Just as Mr. Wood beats Mr. Manns in many things, so certainly does Mr. Manns beat Mr. Wood in the mere technical command of his instrument. And it surely is the beginning of great art to have command of your instrument; to be able to strike the right note of your instrument is certainly as important to the player as to be able to find the right words is to a writer. Mr. Wood can generally find what he wants; but in his dealings with the brass, and in carrying too far the plan of getting the general effect and letting the detail go hang, he has something to learn.

And the Middle-aged? Richter has become rather a funny spectacle to me. Of course his mastery of his instrument is complete. He plays the right notes, to use my former figure, with even greater security than Mr. Manns. Wagner took excellent care that he learnt to do that. And yet—! His world is as far away from ours as Mr. Manns' world is; and like Mr. Manns he makes violent efforts to catch up with the younger generation. But whereas the world of Manns is the Mendelssohn world, in Richter's case it is the anti-Mendelssohn world. Now it is as absurd nowadays to be an anti-Mendelssohnite as it is to be a Mendelssohnite. Mendelssohnism having ceased to exist, its opposite also must cease to exist, or must exist as a fatuous middle-aged gentleman hammering violently on the door of a house where for some years the notice "To let, or for sale at any price" has been exposed. Richter himself has realised that; it should be remembered that he does not reside at Villa Wahnfried, where poor dead Mendelssohnism is still regarded as a living, active, malignant foe. So he plays the "new" men, especially the Russian new men, with a painful lack of discrimination, which shows that newness, and a desire to get out of anti-Mendelssohnism, but certainly no very genuine desire to play only the best music he chances on, is his object. The sad truth is that Richter has no personality, no soul, like Manns or Wood or Mottl. The real Richter, all his outer coatings stripped away, would prove to be a very commonplace person indeed. But he has learnt his trade. On Monday he played the "Tannhauser" overture and other very, very stale Wagner things with a technical perfection that beat Mr. Manns clean out of the field and left Mr. Wood nowhere. After that he played an interminable Russian piece of brainless stupidity; and he ended with a marvellous interpretation of the Heroic symphony of Beethoven. But before he reached that most of the audience had left.

I would like to have discoursed a little more fully of Richter, but my space is eaten up, and he must stand over until my next article. I have also to apologise to Mr. Pachmann for my inability to attend his Chopin recital on Saturday last. Mr. Pachmann is a pianist who should be seen by every one. J. F. R.

AN AWFUL WARNING.

"THE usual thing, I suppose? Nothing like the usual thing!" said Lord Twombly, the "Cabinet Minister," as his secretary handed him the speech he was to learn for the opening of the new street. There is in that apophthegm a profundity and point which Mr. Pinero does not usually compass. Its irony is accentuated by the fact that the play in which it was spoken failed precisely because it was not the usual thing. The public likes the usual thing, and they who work under the public's eye—politicians, dramatists, policemen and such folk—can do the unusual thing only at their own peril. The further a man works from the public, and the less responsible he be to it, the greater his freedom to do what pleases him. That is why diplomacy is more progressive and more fascinating than politics, and literature or painting than the drama. Politics and drama are behind the times because of the franchise and the "gods." The public is always behind the times. When we speak of the "times" we mean the ideas and actions of a small but gifted minority, which does gradually, painfully drag the public up to the position which itself has reached, though not before a newer minority has established itself still further ahead. Now, the public takes a more serious interest in politics than in the drama, studies them and understands them better, and so is in them nearer behind the times. The drama it regards—why not?—as its little diversion. It does not want to think about it, to make itself uncomfortable over so trivial a matter. It wants to enjoy itself in a quiet, vaccine manner. It wants to browse on the usual thing. So it flocked to "Sweet Lavender," whilst it left the "Cabinet Minister" more or less severely alone. But "Mrs. Tanqueray" was unusual—why was that flocked to? Only because it was thought to be improper. "Mrs. Ebbsmith" failed because the public had already been bullied (by the minority) into seeing that there had been nothing so very shocking in her forerunner. If only the serio-propagandist critics had encouraged the public in believing Mr. Pinero to be a wicked man, instead of showing them how good he was, the realistic drama might still be flourishing in London—might, by this time, have become the usual thing. The unusual thing can be smuggled quickly into the theatre under some false pretext, but the pretext must be kept up for some time; otherwise the public has to be converted in the ordinary way. And that is a very slow process, as I have shown. The usual thing, however, if it be done passably well, is sure to succeed on its own merits.

Till the curtain rose on the third act of "When a Man's in Love," the play written by Messrs. Anthony Hope and Edward Rose for the Court Theatre, the audience was enjoying itself thoroughly. Here, indeed, they thought was a good example of the usual thing. Messrs. Hope and Rose seemed to have composed a triumph. None foresaw the sinister nature of the third act! The very surnames of the two authors seemed a safeguard against sinister innovation—the one, the noblest emotion of the human heart; the other, the dear emblem of our land. The caste was a good one, the dialogue was as dolly as could be, and all the characters were ambling serenely down a beaten track such as the public loves. There was no suspicion,—how could there be?—that this track led to a horrid, sheer, precipitous abyss. So far, there were only two little flaws in the production. One of these was that Miss Marion Terry, as Lady Mary Thurston, the heroine, had a rather trivial part, in which she had scope only for her charm, none for her power of acting. The other was that the cool-headed, sympathetic American was played by an American, Mr. Paul Arthur, not by an Englishman, and so seemed quite unlike an American—unlike the usual thing. True, the character of "Captain Hilliard (late U.S. army)" had been drawn by the authors according to the strictest convention. Most of his speeches began duly with an "I guess" or a "See here." He was a great hand at Poker, which duly he played, and at cock-tails, which he duly mixed, on the stage. The authors had evidently meant him to be played duly with a strong twang, a sombrero and a goatee. Mr. Paul Arthur, with his Cisatlantic voice and vesture, was as terrible a shock

to the audience as he must have been to the authors. "He whipped out his derringer. I whipped out mine. (Pause.) He rode to the cemetery. I walked behind." Imagine that line delivered with no more of a stage-twang than you have, reader, or I! I am glad to say that the audience bore all this, for the authors' sake, without protest, realising that the authors had splashed on the local colour with a liberal brush, and that it was not their fault if Mr. Arthur wantonly washed it all out. But let me leave the painful subject of Mr. Arthur. It is pleasant to turn to the first two acts of the play itself. Here was no violation of theatrical probability. Here were no idiotic surprises. Here was Lady Mary Thurston, beloved by the sympathetic American and by Percival Dekker, a nervous millionaire. She rejects the latter, declaring her deep esteem for the former. Here, too, was young and foolish Chris Athelstan, about whom Lady Mary, his cousin, is very anxious, for Chris has fallen among a set of men who cheat him at Poker, and is fast losing all his money. Hilliard tells the young man that these friends of his are sharpers. The young man is angry. In order to convince him, Hilliard devises a scheme. He will himself fleece the young man by means of a silver cigar case which is bright enough to reflect his opponent's cards. Then he will confess the trick to the young man, who will see how foolish it is to play with elder players. Surely a very perilous and round-about scheme to achieve a very simple purpose! But no matter. Theatrically, it is the usual thing, and it secures the second act. Hilliard confides his scheme to the millionaire, giving him a letter which shall serve as evidence of his own probity. The millionaire, left alone, lights a candle and burns his rival's letter. In the next act, of course, the game takes place, the millionaire being present with another character, Lord Pitkeithly. The public loves a gambling-scene. Realistic gambling would, of course, be quite ineffective on the stage. It would not do for the gambler to play, as in real life, with a calm, inscrutable politeness. The agony of the game must be explicit. Do you remember the scene in the "Masqueraders," where David Remon gambled for possession of the baronet's wife, and how the baronet gasped and shouted and drank deep potations of brandy, and how, when the game was over, the victorious Remon, instead of smiling and saying quietly, as he would have said in real life, "Well, some day I must give you your revenge!" clutched his unfortunate opponent by the throat, forced him down upon the floor and half-strangled him, whilst he extorted from him a sacred oath to abide by the results of the game? Mr. Ben Webster, who plays the part of Chris Athelstan, behaves in the customary manner, drinking deep potations of brandy, muttering hoarsely, snatching at the cards as they are dealt to him, and at his hair as it stands on end. The audience watches him breathlessly. Meanwhile, the millionaire silently calls Lord Pitkeithly's attention to the cigar-case. Alarums and excursions ensue. Hilliard asks the millionaire to clear him. The millionaire denies receipt of the excommunicating letter, denies that Hilliard made any communication to him. Hilliard is left alone, crushed by the blow. The curtain slowly descends between him and an enraptured audience.

During the entracte, every one is looking forward to the last act with extreme pleasure. Every one knows what that act will be like. Lady Mary will, of course, believe Hilliard to be guilty of the hideous crime with which he has been charged. In her distress, she will transfer her esteem to the rejected millionaire. He, however, will be stricken with remorse. He will summon all the other characters, make full confession, draw Lady Mary towards Hilliard, join their hands, and, covered with glory, falter from the stage to begin a new life in a new world. The other characters will presently steal away, casting sympathetic glances at the united lovers. And then—

HILLIARD. Dearest, we shall be very, very happy together, shall we not?

LADY MARY. Yes! But we must always remember him!

CURTAIN.

During the entracte, all this seemed to us quite in-

evitable. It is the usual thing, and we never dream that we shall not get it. Anon, to our discomfiture and rage, we find our fond anticipations falsified in the most cynical and unseemly fashion! The curtain has hardly risen when "the Professor," an important comic character, is brought on, though he has not appeared in either of the preceding acts. This is a bad omen, an appalling breach of propriety. The dramatic critics around me knit their brows and toss their beards, as who should say "The public will never stand this!" I myself shake my head, murmuring the word "disgraceful." But it soon becomes evident that this is no solitary indiscretion. The authors have played fast and loose with the whole act. Lady Mary firmly believes in her lover's innocence. The only difficulty is as to how he shall clear himself in the eyes of the world. Enter Frank Athelstan, a school-boy, who in the first act exhibited an automatic apparatus for taking snapshots of people without their knowledge. He shows Hilliard a plate representing a lighted candle burning in the daylight drawing-room. From various pieces of evidence Hilliard concludes that this candle was lighted by the millionaire, and that the excommunicating letter perished in its flame. The millionaire is sent for. Enter the other characters. Enter the millionaire. Lady Mary announces that she is betrothed to Hilliard. Chris, Pitkeithly and the millionaire refuse to congratulate. The footlights are lowered, and the school-boy gives a magic-lantern entertainment—imagine! in the last act!—showing comic portraits of Chris Athelstan, Pitkeithly and other persons of the play. Hilliard says that there is also a portrait of the millionaire, burning a letter. The millionaire is dumbfounded. Realising that the game is up, he slinks out of the room. Pitkeithly and Chris congratulate Hilliard on the happy vindication of his honour. The curtain falls just as the school-boy is taking a snap-shot of Hilliard and Lady Mary in each other's arms.

The audience is dazed. It does not hoot nor hiss. It even applauds, as from force of habit. But how significantly less loud the applause is now than it was at the end of the second act! Now it is but an empty, automatic noise; then it was the spontaneous ebullition of a thousand throats. There has been a wilful, cruel violation of the usual thing. The public is deeply wounded. The dramatic critics around me, struggling into their coats, seem to have aged considerably. I myself, with a dangerous light in my eyes, elbow my way firmly to the vestibule. There I knock at the box-office and demand loudly that my order for a stall shall be returned to me in full.

MORAL.

Beware of trifling with the public.

MAX.

MONEY MATTERS.

FROM the Stock Exchange point of view actual war would have a smaller disturbing effect than the uncertainty of the past few days. Rumour, painted with a hundred tongues, mostly lying, plays havoc with quotations, and the oldest market hand has infinite difficulty in disentangling the various influences and allotting to each its proper importance. When, in addition, it is remembered that Rumour's henchmen, the evening newspapers, have chosen Throgmorton Street as the favourite exhibition ground for their sensational placards, the continual state of nervousness and alarm in which during a time of crisis stockbrokers and stockjobbers pass their lives may be understood. In the period immediately preceding the declaration of war between America and Spain quotations tumbled all round. When war was actually declared they steadied and then rose up to and beyond their previous level. No one at present believes it possible that war will actually arise between England and France out of the Fashoda business, but on this side of the Channel we are ready enough to apply to Frenchmen their own proverb, and to say that with them it is always the unexpected which happens. History has taught the whole world to place little confidence in the stability of French Governments and even of French society, and the Dreyfus affair, with all that it connotes, has enormously increased the distrust which is felt even by those who most admire the genius of the French nation.

England, in any case, can envisage a conflict with France alone with calmness. With a navy greatly inferior to our own, and an army powerless against us, as well as without leaders on whom it can rely, France stands to lose much more than she can possibly gain. Her colonies would be at our mercy, and it is not credible that the twenty-eight-year-old Third Republic could survive the first shock of arms. Already one foreseeing Frenchman has muttered the significant phrase: "A Naval Sedan."

There is no reason, therefore, why the infinitesimal possibility of a war with France should lower the value of any securities which are dealt in on the London Stock Exchange, except those which are directly dependent on the prosperity of France. But as every one knows nowadays, and none better than those whose business lies in the Stock markets, prices are not regulated by value but by supply and demand. Prices emerge from the vociferous buying and selling of the market-place. Values remain hidden in balance-sheets, only to be discovered by close scrutiny, and the only certainty is that in normal times and in the long run prices will surely approximate to true values. Since last week quotations have been depressed in all departments by the fear of realisations, due mainly to the disturbed condition of the Money Market. Probably the direct effect of our strained relations with France in causing sales of stocks and shares has been very small, since there is a general belief that some way out of the impasse will be discovered. But the indirect effect has been considerable, for the rise in the value of money here, in Berlin, and now in Paris, has compelled a few speculators operating with borrowed money to put their holdings on the market, and whilst there were these sellers about, the political situation has caused a plentiful lack of buyers. In reality the selling has been of comparatively small extent and has depressed quotations out of all proportion to its magnitude. The prolonged period of stagnation and the many shocks the markets have received during this unfortunate year have long ago driven out the majority of weak holders, and stocks and shares are held mainly in strong hands. Here in England the monetary position is in the main satisfactory, and now that the Bank of France has raised its rate of discount, Berlin will be compelled to set its house in order. Money will probably remain dearer for a time, which is by no means a disadvantage for everybody, but the general position will be improved, and if the Fashoda incident is satisfactorily disposed of we anticipate that confidence will be rapidly restored. Even if dreadful war should intervene there is no likelihood of panic, nor even of a very serious depression. Had the present condition of affairs followed close upon a period of active and general speculation, disaster would assuredly have followed.

A few weeks ago the centre of the monetary disturbance was in New York. There is some reason to suppose that in this case the causes were not wholly natural, but in part due to a certain interference with the normal course of the Money Market which was checkmated by the prompt action of the Bank of England in raising its rate of discount to 3 per cent. on 22 September last. Now, however, the centre of disturbance has shifted across the Atlantic to Berlin, and the further rise in the Bank Rate last week from 3 to 4 per cent., like the rise in the rate of the Bank of France on Thursday, from the 2 per cent. at which it has stood since March, 1895, to 3 per cent., was due to the monetary position in Berlin. It is well known that a large quantity of German paper of not quite first-class quality has been afloat in London for a long time past, and although some of the stories which have been told about the absurd excesses into which the credit system has fallen in Germany are certainly exaggerated, there is no doubt that it was highly desirable to check the further influx of German bills into this country, and more especially those which were not genuinely mercantile. A similar state of affairs existed in Paris. The cheapness of money there attracted large quantities of German paper, and the action of the Bank of England in raising its rate last week necessarily drove Berlin to make further demands upon the French capital. It must have

horrified the good boulevardiers extremely to discover that the hereditary enemy had been speculating largely and profitably with French money, but in mere self-defence the Bank of France was obliged to raise its rate of discounts, and Berlin, cut off from access to the hoards of London and Paris, will have to contract its operations, with some advantage to the rest of the world, and considerable advantage to itself. It is unfortunate that the necessity for the rise in the French Bank rate should have come at this particular moment, since ignorance will generally attribute it to the strained relations between England and France, with which it has in all probability nothing whatever to do. Uneasiness will thus be intensified, which makes it the more to be desired that the two Governments should hasten to some conclusion.

The advance of the French Bank rate, whilst it depressed the Stock Markets, of course strengthened discount rates here, and helped the Bank of England to make its own rate effective. This it has been doing during the week by large borrowings on the market, the Bank return showing a decline of £1,495,000 in Government securities, and of £467,000 in "other" securities. There has been a large return of notes and coin from internal circulation, so that, although £247,000 of coin and bullion was taken for export, the Reserve has increased £340,000, and the proportion of Reserve to Liabilities has risen $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. to 49 per cent. This is a satisfactory showing, and is evidence that the Bank of England has a firm control of the situation. The Bank rate is unchanged at 4 per cent. Rates in the open market closely approximate to the Bank rate, three months' fine bills being discounted at $3\frac{1}{8}$ to $3\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. A fortnight ago the outside rate was only $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and five weeks ago only $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Consols, it is to be noted, are only $\frac{1}{8}$ down on the week at 108 $\frac{1}{8}$ for money.

Home Rails have been stagnant, but until Thursday there was little movement in prices. On that day, however, there was a general fall of from $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 point. Great Central stock suffered from the accident on its line in Lincolnshire, and would no doubt have suffered more had it not been for the excellent traffic return for last week, showing an increase of £3042. In spite of the bad weather all the other lines except one showed satisfactory increase, the North Eastern heading the list with £11,514. The Midland followed with £5601, the North Western with £5470 and the North British with £4231. The Great Western now seems to have turned the corner after its unhappy experiences during the coal strike. Last week it reported a first increase £3250 after the long and mournful series of decreases of. This week it again reports an increase, though only a little one, of £820. The Metropolitan comes last with the magnificent increase of £6 over last year's figures. The quotation of Metropolitan was not affected by the return. American Rails have been dropping steadily during the week. This market seems for the present to be quite played out. Grand Trunks and Canadian Pacifics have passed the six days under the shadow of the controversy between Sir William Van Horne and Sir Charles Rivers Wilson.

We are full of pity for Grand Trunk and Canadian Pacific shareholders. They know that the furious quarrel between their two companies is still going on; but they must find it difficult to discover from the correspondence between their respective presidents what there is left to quarrel about. Happily the questions at issue are narrowed down now to two points, and it is possible to arrive at an understanding of the deadlock. When the Inter-State Commission decided that the Canadian Pacific had no right to "differentials" and Sir William Van Horne gracefully bowed to the decision, everybody thought that the controversy was at an end. And so it was, so far as the American lines were concerned. The Canadian Pacific now claims no "differentials" as against them; but in his own territory Sir William Van Horne will not yield an inch. The Canadian Pacific still claims "differentials" as against the Grand Trunk on through traffic to the North-West, and to enforce its claim is

busily cutting local rates. The Grand Trunk, through Sir Charles Rivers Wilson, in a letter dated the 17th inst., offers to submit the questions of both through and local rates to arbitration. But if Sir William Van Horne adopts the attitude taken by Vice-President O'Shaughnessy in his correspondence with Mr. Hays, the manager of the Grand Trunk, arbitration is not likely to be accepted, and the rate war in Canada will continue in an aggravated form. The question of the use of the Grand Trunk's North Bay line by the Canadian Pacific and the price to be paid for this accommodation is a side issue which it would be better not to bring into the present discussion. To the plain man there is no longer any doubt that the Canadian Pacific has now put itself wholly into the wrong, and its shareholders have little reason to thank Sir William Van Horne for his obstinacy in continuing the struggle.

NET YIELD OF HOME RAILWAY STOCKS. ENGLISH RAILWAYS.

Company.	Dividends 1897-8.	Price 19 Oct.	Yield p.c. £ s. d.
Great Northern "A"	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	52	4 1 8
Midland Deferred	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	85 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 18 8
Brighton Deferred	7	179	3 18 2
Great Northern Deferred ..	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	55	3 17 3
South Eastern Deferred ..	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	105	3 13 9
North Eastern	6 $\frac{1}{2}$	175 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 12 7
North Western	7	198 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 10 6
Lancashire and Yorkshire ..	5 $\frac{1}{2}$	147 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 9 5
Brighton Ordinary	6 $\frac{1}{2}$	185	3 8 11
Great Northern Preferred ..	4	118 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 7 6
South Western Deferred ..	3	90	3 6 8
South Eastern Ordinary ..	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	150	3 0 10
Midland Preferred	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	83 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 0 0
Great Eastern	3	116 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 0 0
South Western Ordinary ..	6	222	2 19 8
Metropolitan	3	127	2 19 0
Great Western	4	164 $\frac{1}{2}$	2 17 10
Great Central Preferred ..	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	60	2 10 0

The Industrial Market has been very dull—so dull that business of any kind has been almost impossible. Luckily, there has been no great inclination to sell. If there had been, the absence of buyers would have caused considerable declines all round. Liptons have been depressed on account of reported rebuffs the Company has received in its applications for licences for its local branches, but the reports seem to have been exaggerated. It was time, however, that some incident should occur to pull down a little the present inflated quotation. There has been some activity in promoting circles, and, had it not been for the general uneasiness, the past week would probably have seen a large number of new companies put before the public. Those which did appear seem to have been successful, Pease and Partners' shares having already been quoted as high as $5\frac{1}{2}$ premium, whilst the issue of £80,000 Allsopps' Deferred Ordinary shares has been largely over-subscribed.

NET YIELD OF INDUSTRIAL COMPANIES.

Company.	Dividend 1897. Per cent.	Price 19 Oct.	Yield per cent. £ s. d.
Bovril Deferred	5	...	8 0 0
Do. Ordinary	7	...	7 9 4
Linotype Deferred (£5) ..	9	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	6 6 3
Mazawattee Tea	8	1	5 16 4
National Telephone (£5) ..	6	5 $\frac{1}{2}$	5 11 7
D. H. Evans & Co.	12	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	5 8 10
Holborn & Frascati	10 (1)	1	5 6 8
Linotype Ordinary (£5) ..	6	5 $\frac{1}{2}$	5 6 8
Harrod's Stores	20	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	5 3 2
Spiers & Pond (£10)	10	19 $\frac{1}{2}$	5 2 6
Bryant & May (£5)	17 $\frac{1}{2}$	18 $\frac{1}{2}$	4 14 7
Eley Brothers (£10)	17 $\frac{1}{2}$	37	4 14 7
Jay's	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	1	4 12 3
Salmon & Gluckstein ..	8	1	4 11 5
Swan & Edgar	5	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	4 8 10
Jones & Higgins	9 $\frac{1}{2}$	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	4 4 5
Savoy Hotel (£10)	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	18	4 3 4
J. & P. Coats (£10)	20	63 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 2 8

(1) Including bonus of 2 per cent.

Petrifite, Limited, a company formed in December last to purchase the patent rights of a new cement, of which magnesite forms the basis, is now preparing for a large output. Kilns, storehouses and workmen's cottages are being built near its magnesite quarries in the island of Eubœa; and a light railway, some six miles in length, is being constructed to the coast. New works for the manufacture of the cement are being erected at Gravesend. Shareholders, meanwhile, are a little anxious to know how things are going on, though such preparations necessarily involve delay. For magnesite itself there is a good trade demand, and this Company has a distinct advantage in being able to obtain it from the open quarries without the usual expenses of mining. Whether the cement will prove as marketable as the magnesite remains to be seen. The Chairman, we understand, stated at the statutory meeting that, as the capital subscribed was barely sufficient for the business, the vendors consented to forego any cash payment and were willing to receive the whole amount of the purchase in shares. Notwithstanding this, we are informed that they have been paid £8000 in cash. The shareholders will no doubt be glad to receive some explanation of this discrepancy.

South African gold and land shares kept fairly steady under adverse influences until Wednesday; but the list of prices at the close of that day was less satisfactory, declines of from $\frac{1}{16}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ being marked all along the line. On Thursday, a worse day in other departments, decliners were again numerous, but not so general and of smaller amount, whilst the total fall in the two days was comparatively insignificant. The fairly firm tone maintained whilst other securities were tumbling down is a further proof of the inherent strength of this market, and justifies the belief that when the political horizon is again clear there will be a sharp recovery in Transvaal gold shares. Rand Mines which were carried over last week at 32 $\frac{3}{4}$, on Thursday night closed at only just under 32. This is a result of the crisis very different from what happened in the early part of the year, when Rand Mines went rapidly down to 26. At that time there was no doubt a considerable "bull" account in existence. At present there is practically no "bull" account open at all, and it would require a very venturesome "bear" to sell any large number of shares in the present steady condition of the market.

ESTIMATED NET YIELD OF TRANSVAAL MINES. OUTCROPS.

Company.	Estimated Dividends.	Price 19 Oct.	Life of Mine.	Probable Net Yield.
	Per Cent.		Years.	Per Cent.
Pioneer (1)	75	... 11 $\frac{1}{2}$... 1	... 75
Rietfontein A.....	35	... 1 $\frac{1}{2}$... 30	... 16 $\frac{1}{2}$
Henry Nourse (2)	150	... 9 $\frac{1}{2}$... 12	... 13
Van Ryn	40	... 2 $\frac{1}{2}$... 12	... 12
Comet	50	... 31 $\frac{1}{2}$... 18	... 11
Glencairn	35	... 2	... 11	... 10
Ferreira	350	... 24 $\frac{1}{2}$... 17	... 9 $\frac{1}{2}$
Jumpers (3).....	80	... 5 $\frac{1}{2}$... 8	... 8
City and Suburban (4) ..	15	... 5 $\frac{1}{2}$... 17	... 8
Robinson (4)	20	... 8 $\frac{1}{2}$... 16	... 6 $\frac{1}{2}$
Roodepoort United ...	50	... 4 $\frac{1}{2}$... 15	... 6
Heriot	100	... 7 $\frac{1}{2}$... 12	... 6
Treasury (5)	12 $\frac{1}{2}$... 4 $\frac{1}{2}$... 13	... 6
Meyer and Charlton ...	70	... 4 $\frac{1}{2}$... 10	... 6
Crown Reef (6)	200	... 14 $\frac{1}{2}$... 8	... 6
Princess	15	... 1 $\frac{1}{2}$... 20(2)	... 5 $\frac{1}{2}$
Ginsberg.....	50	... 3 $\frac{1}{2}$... 8	... 5
Wemmer.....	150	... 10 $\frac{1}{2}$... 10	... 5
Primrose	60	... 4 $\frac{1}{2}$... 10	... 5
Geldenhuis Main Reef	10	... 3 $\frac{1}{2}$... 6	... 4
Durban Roodepoort ...	80	... 5 $\frac{1}{2}$... 9	... 4
Langlaagte Estate ...	30	... 3 $\frac{1}{2}$... 15	... 4
Wolhuter (3)	10	... 5 $\frac{1}{2}$... 40	... 1
Angelo.....	75	... 6 $\frac{1}{2}$... 8(7)	... 1
May Consolidated	35	... 3 $\frac{1}{2}$... 9	... 1
Geldenhuis Estate.....	100	... 7 $\frac{1}{2}$... 7	... 0
Jubilee (8).....	75	... 10 $\frac{1}{2}$... 8	... 0
Worcester	60	... 3 $\frac{1}{2}$... 4	... 0

(1) Owns 37 D.L. claims, estimated value equivalent

to £1010s. per share. (2) 42 deep-level claims, estimated value equivalent to £2 per share. (3) 52 D.L. claims, estimated value equivalent to £1 per share. (4) £5 shares. (5) £4 shares. (6) 51 $\frac{1}{2}$ deep-level claims, estimated value equivalent to £2 10s. per share, and 47 water-right claims. (7) Poorer North Reef Ore not taken into account. (8) 18 D.L. claims, estimated value equivalent to £4 per share.

DEEP LEVELS.

Company.	Estimated Dividends.	Price 19 Oct.	Life of Mine.	Probable Net Yield.
	Per Cent.		Years.	Per Cent.
*Robinson Deep.....	200	... 10 $\frac{1}{2}$... 20	... 16
*Durban Deep (1)	50	... 3 $\frac{1}{2}$... 15	... 12
*Nourse Deep	60	... 6	... 43	... 9 $\frac{1}{2}$
*Crown Deep	200	... 14 $\frac{3}{4}$... 16	... 8 $\frac{1}{2}$
*Rose Deep	105	... 8 $\frac{1}{2}$... 15	... 7
*Jumpers Deep	40	... 5 $\frac{1}{2}$... 36	... 7
*Village Main Reef (2) ...	75	... 7	... 13	... 6
*Bonanza.....	108(3)	... 4 $\frac{1}{2}$... 5	... 5
*Geldenhuis Deep.....	70(3)	... 9 $\frac{1}{2}$... 23	... 4
*Glen Deep.....	18	... 3 $\frac{1}{2}$... 25	... 3
*Simmer and Jack.....	4 $\frac{1}{2}$ (3)	... 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ (4)	... 30	... 3
Langlaagte Deep.....	21	... 2 $\frac{1}{2}$... 15	... 2

The mines marked thus * are already at work.

(1) Owns 24,000 Roodepoort Central Deep shares, value £36,000, and will probably sell sixty or seventy claims at a price equivalent to £1 per share. (2) Owns 25,000 Wemmer shares, value equivalent to £1 per share. (3) Calculated on actual profits of working. (4) £5 shares.

There is at present a good deal of business being done in the higher circles of South African finance in "second row" deep levels, that is, in properties situated beyond the southern boundaries of the present deep levels. Many of these properties are now being floated into companies, and work upon them will commence with all dispatch. When the idea of sinking shafts in the deep-level ground south of the outcrop mines was first mooted, it was greeted with scorn. Now, those who have persevered with the work have made large fortunes. The second-row deeps are likely to prove no less profitable. Great improvements have been made of late years in the methods of shaft sinking, and a shaft can be sunk in half the time that was formerly necessary. Moreover, there are strong reasons for believing that as the reefs go deeper the dip becomes gradually less steep, so that it can be reached at workable depths at a much greater distance from the outcrop than was once thought possible. In several cases upthrows have also been discovered which bring the reefs nearer to the surface by many hundred feet. It is little wonder, therefore, that the second-row deep-level ground is becoming more and more valuable every day, and that the once unsaleable £100 debentures of the Johannesburg Turf Club, which owns some of this ground, are now supposed to be worth anything from £5000 to £10,000. The end of the gold-mining industry in the Transvaal is far from being in sight as yet, and the public is certain to realise at last what safe and profitable opportunities for investment it offers. When this happens the long-expected boom will become a very effective reality.

In spite of the great hopes placed upon it, the first Geelong crushing has not done much to lift Rhodesians. In fact Geelong shares themselves have fallen from the 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ at which they stood not long ago to only just over 2 $\frac{1}{2}$. It is difficult to understand why, for the first crushing could hardly have been more satisfactory. The Selukwe crushing was not less so, and very shortly we may expect returns from certain other Rhodesian companies. The existence of gold in payable quantities in Rhodesia is now established beyond all cavil, and at their present prices the shares of the Chartered Company itself and of other Rhodesian companies are well worth attention. With a mine yielding 1 oz. to the ton, and a 40-stamp mill at work, the Geelong should be able eventually to pay dividends of over 70 per cent. on its capital of £250,000, so that at their present

price of a little more than £2 10s. each the shares are absurdly cheap. The confidence which is felt in the future of the mine is shown by the fact that Major Maurice Heany, the managing director, has largely increased his holding, and that the Chartered Company has not sold one of the shares it held long before the crushing began to be talked about.

Some of our contemporaries are slowly discovering the facts with regard to the present position of the Mozambique Company which we published fully in our issue of last week. For instance, the Paris correspondent of one big financial daily, which prides itself on its "new news," took the trouble to cable from Paris on Friday the main facts which appeared in our columns a week ago. The Paris Committee of the Mozambique Company has made a feeble attempt to defend itself against the damning indictment we preferred against it. The character of that defence may be judged from the fact that to bolster up a hopeless case absolute misstatements of fact have been resorted to. It is stated that on 8 June, 1897, an offer to buy a block of 55,000 shares at 41.75 francs was accepted by the Directors, although the market price of the shares at that time was 51 francs. The statement is untrue, as any one can prove for himself by looking up the quotation for that date. The price of the shares in London and Paris was then 33s. 9d. or 42.50 francs. Further, the attempt is being made in Paris to represent the matter as a political question between France and England, but this is merely a diversion intended to cloak the irregularity of the Paris Committee's action. It is certain that the Oceana Consolidated Company here is acting in the best interests of all shareholders alike, whether they are English, German, French or Portuguese, and it is the duty of every shareholder to support its action by sending his proxies for the meeting at Lisbon on 10 November next to the Oceana Company without the slightest delay.

Mr. Bottomley is clearly itching to resume his old rôle of a City Atlas, supporting alone the Westralian Market. It is true that his diction is more sober, his style more restrained, his prophecies less audacious, than they were before misfortune came upon him, but at the final meetings of his companies on Tuesday to carry out the amalgamation scheme he could not resist the temptation to repeat to the shareholders his now ancient tag about "keeping your eyes on Northern Terrors." There will not be much chance for the reconstructed Mr. Bottomley, we suspect, to achieve great things for some time as yet. There is no confidence in the Westralian Market at present, such as exists in the case of South Africans. On Wednesday and Thursday quotations came down with a rush, led by Golden Horseshoes, which fell nearly £1 in a single day, and followed by Associateds and Lake Views, which on Thursday fell $\frac{1}{4}$, and Ivanhoe, which fell $\frac{1}{4}$. We fear that even Mr. Bottomley will not be able to lift the price of Northern "Terrors," as he once did, until he has actually obtained some of that £4,000,000 of gold, and exhibited it in a glass case in Broad Street Avenue.

NEW ISSUES.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE COMPANY.

The new scheme for the reconstruction of the Crystal Palace Company and the reorganization of the educational and recreative features has been completed, and a statement issued as to the scope of future operations. Under the new Act of Parliament authorising this scheme the Company offers for subscription at par £25,000 four per cent. second (1898) debenture stock and £95,000 preferred ordinary stock. The ordinary stock has a preferential right to a minimum dividend of 5 per cent. or such larger dividend as one-third of the profits after payment of interest and dividend on the debentures and preference shares. The deferred ordinary stock, which is not offered for subscription, will receive the balance. The new directorate consists of Sir Arthur Sullivan; Mr. A. W. Biggs and Mr. Clark, the largest stockholders; one of the managers of the Stock Exchange; Mr. H. E. Milner, landscape

gardener; and Mr. Schenk, who undertakes to provide £100,000 in cash for working capital and to redeem the 6 per cent. debentures and replace them at 3 per cent. A new restaurant and dining-rooms will be built in a more central situation, and Messrs. Lyons & Co. are to manage the catering arrangements. In addition, a London County Cricket Club, with Dr. W. G. Grace as manager, and a new polo club are to be formed. A valuation, by Messrs. Plasier & Sons and Messrs. Fuller, Horsey, Sons & Cassell, puts the realisable value of the Palace and freehold estate, which covers 200 acres, at £555,385. With its finances placed upon a firmer basis and with a more vigorous and modern policy, the prospects of this undoubtedly national institution are likely to improve considerably. The preferred ordinary stock, however, can, for the present, only be looked upon as a speculative investment.

THE KNOTT END RAILWAY COMPANY.

Subscriptions are invited for an issue, at par, of £50,000 in 10,000 shares of £5 each of the Knott End Railway Company. This railway has been incorporated by Act of Parliament for the purpose of constructing a line from Pilling to Knott End, near Fleetwood in Lancashire. The railway will, at first, be a single line of ordinary gauge, so as to enable the goods traffic from the London and North Western to be carried to its destination without transhipment. An agreement has been entered into, subject to the sanction of Parliament, to purchase the Garstang and Knott End Railway. The Company will then own a railway eleven miles long, in direct communication with the main line of the North Western. It is also proposed further to alter and improve the ferry landing-stage at the Knott End terminus, in view of passenger and other traffic. The directors consider that local traffic from the carriage of market produce to Fleetwood and Blackpool, and bricks and building material to Knott End, will be sufficient to make the line remunerative. The Company are authorised under their Act to pay interest at the rate of 3 per cent. during the period allowed for construction.

THE IMPERIAL RUSSIAN COTTON AND JUTE FACTORY, LIMITED.

The Imperial Russian Cotton and Jute Factory, Limited, which was formed in 1886 to take over the business of the Cotton Spinning and Weaving Company of South Russia, now offers for subscription £70,000 five per cent. Debentures to bearer at par, redeemable at 105 on 31 December, 1930, but with the option of the Company to redeem them at the same price in 1918 or any time thereafter upon not less than six months' notice. The present issue seems to be a fair investment, and is made for the purpose of redeeming the existing debentures, providing additional working capital, and to pay for the cost of a new twine and rope factory which is now in course of erection. The sum required for these buildings, inclusive of machinery, looms, boilers and electric installation, is estimated at about £35,000. The average dividend paid during a period of ten years has been $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per annum, and it is further stated that the Company has paid a uniform dividend of 10 per cent. on its total capital for the past three years.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. F. T. (Leicester).—The Company is Canadian and no recent information is to hand with regard to the position of its affairs, nor are its shares quoted on the London Stock Exchange. It does not appear to be very prosperous. You had better write to the Company's correspondents in this country, Wallace & Guthrie, 1 North Charlotte Street, Edinburgh.

ARGUS (Bradford).—(1) Hold. (2) These you should sell at the first favourable opportunity. (3) The Company is well managed, but has to contend with severe and growing competition. (4) There is no hope of an immediate revival in the cycle share market.

B. D. (Dover).—We anticipate that very considerable advantage to both Companies will ensue from the amalgamation, and think the shares a good lock-up investment.

M. A. L. (Manchester).—Why not try the debentures of the certain South African mines, such as Rand Mines, Limited, or Robinson Deep? They yield a high percentage, are quite as safe as many more popular securities, and in addition stand the chance of considerably increasing in value.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE REAL KENSIT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—We have all heard so much about Mr. Kensit during the last few months that we would willingly consign him to oblivion. But before this happy event takes place I should like to say a few words about Mr. Kensit and "his brave and noble crusade," of which Mr. Johnson speaks so enthusiastically in the "Saturday Review" of 8 October.

In the first place, is it a Christian spirit which actuates Mr. Kensit to stir up these dissensions in the Church of England? I doubt it. We believe that this is an age of toleration, but clearly Mr. Kensit differs from us. By his persistent attacks on the Ritualists he shows in the clearest way that he wishes every one to be of his way of thinking, that is, to gather together once a week in a room, bearing a striking resemblance to a barn, and when there to listen to long extempore prayers and a long, uninstructional sermon on Hezekiah's prayer. Perhaps Mr. Kensit thinks that he is making converts by his persistent misbehaviour at many of the advanced churches in London! I should say he was rather alienating himself from the people by outrages and riots such as he has stirred up in Liverpool and London. It would indeed be a good thing if all churches followed the example of St. Michael's, Shore-ditch, and turned him out of church when he began to make a fool of himself. It shows an utter want of reverence on the part of Mr. Kensit that he should behave in so outrageous a manner while the most sacred service of the Church is being celebrated. Perhaps Mr. Kensit, like the Jesuits, holds with the maxim, "Do evil that good may come of it." We wonder how Mr. Kensit can dare to act so outrageously when the good which comes from his actions can be represented by the one word—nothing.—Yours faithfully,

RITUAL.

"A PROTESTANT PAUL PRY."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—It seems to me, as I dare say it will seem to many other people, that Mr. Walsh's book was compiled with the intention of assisting anti-ritual agitators—the "Kensitites" and their directors and counsellors—in the discreditable work they are now pursuing. At "Protestant" meetings and in newspapers which lose no opportunity of reviling the Bishops, "The Secret History of the Oxford Movement" is perpetually belauded as a work of infallible wisdom, and its writer glorified as a very Protestant *Deus ex machina*, although in reality the book is scarcely more than a hash-up of old speeches and letters of men who have been chief disturbers of the peace of the Church and perverse hinderers of its work during more than a quarter of a century.

It has been denied, and I dare say truly, that Mr. Walsh is *officially* connected with that ever-active missionary society, the "Church Association," but Mr. Walsh is, I believe, connected with a rather notorious and intemperate Protestant newspaper, the "English Churchman," which appears to be carried on under Church Association inspiration or direction. I think the eminent personage who fills the important office of Secretary to the amiable Society, as well as members of the Society's Executive Committee, have often "taken sweet counsel together" with Mr. Walsh, and it may well be concluded that such counsel was very sweet indeed, and very frequent, during the manufacture and arrangement of Mr. Walsh's infallible book. It would be interesting to have a "secret history" of the Walsh (and Church Association) production and the "Kensit Crusade"; and, if I mistake not, there are ecclesiastical dignitaries—Archdeacons and others—who could furnish the information necessary for such a work.

I trust that the Archdeacons of the diocese from which I write have seen the article, "A Protestant Paul Pry," in your issue of to-day, and that they may read also the present remarks.

VERBUM SAP.

MAGISTRATES AND VACCINATION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Your lucid and justly severe remarks on the above subject should give pause to the many members of our minor judiciary who are making the law itself and its administration objects of general scorn and derision. At Gloucester—an anti-vaccinist city—the anti-vaccinists have unanimously passed a resolution declining to make any applications while the magistrates maintain their present attitude. Leicester, Reading and other anti-vaccinist centres are also standing by, ignoring the law with contempt and confidently awaiting a trial of strength with any Government senseless enough to provoke a conflict. We can understand doctor magistrates, actuated by piqued professional pride and the passing away from their class of a valuable medical monopoly, and clerical magistrates' vagaries (so common, alas!) are understandable. But what excuse can be put forward on behalf of trained stipendiaries, such as Messrs. Plowden, Sheil, Curtis-Bennet, Hopkins', Fordham and Co.? None! their ignorance is only equalled by their bigotry. They abuse their position by brow-beating simple honest persons, and probably not one of them could stand a five minutes' examination on the subject upon which they presume to dogmatise.—Yours &c.

J. H.

SMALLPOX AND VACCINATION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The experience of smallpox and vaccination in Japan, which Dr. Bond endeavours to discount in the "Saturday Review" of 8 October, is not at all an isolated one. The same sort of thing has been witnessed in this country. Never before has vaccination been so neglected as it is at the present time, and never have we been freer of smallpox, the same causes operating here as in Germany—isolation and sanitation. Since the enactment of compulsory vaccination (which was justified in Parliament by promise of absolute protection against smallpox) there have been three important epidemics in England and Wales, with the following results, as the Registrar-General's returns show:—

	Date.	Deaths from Smallpox in England and Wales.
First epidemic,	1857-8-9	14,244
Second	„ 1863-4-5	20,059
Third	„ 1870-1-2	44,840

While the increase of population from the second to the third epidemic was 9 per cent., the increase in smallpox mortality during the same period was 123 per cent. ! or, to put it in another form, the results, commencing with the first year of universal compulsion, are:—

In the first 15 years after the passing of the Compulsory Vaccination Act, 1854-68, there died of smallpox in England and Wales	54,700
In the second 15 years, 1869-83, under a more stringent law, ensuring the vaccination of 95 per cent. of all children born, the deaths rose to.....	66,447
Total for 30 years.....	121,147
Of these, there died under 5 years of age	51,472
From 5 to 10 years of age	16,000
Total under 10 years	67,472

LONDON.

The Registrar-General in his annual summary for the year 1880 tabulates the smallpox percentage of London for the last 30 years as follows:—

Decades.	Estimated mean Population.	Smallpox Deaths
1851-60	2,570,489	7,150
1861-70	3,018,193	8,347
1871-80	3,466,486	15,551

In the last decade the mortality averages seven times more than in 1853, when compulsory vaccination was first instituted in England, the mortality for that year being only 211.—Yours respectfully, INVESTIGATOR.

THE DOG QUESTION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Many towns can rival Eastbourne as regards sufferings from the dog-muzzling order.

Your Eastbourne correspondent says that 350 respectable inhabitants there have been put to the indignity of summons and fine, and in other places the trouble has been about the same. In my district no one has heard that prior to the infliction of the order there was any certified case of rabies within twelve miles, yet the order was put in force more than a year ago and still holds, and owners and dogs have suffered accordingly.

Englishmen and women resent interference with their dogs when they believe such interference to have been uncalled for, and it is a matter of deep regret with many Conservatives that the leaders of the Party have allowed the Minister of Agriculture to worry dog-owners as he has done. It is sad to know that human nature is so constituted that those who have been summoned and fined will certainly vote against the party originating what they consider to be vexatious and cruel legislation.

The dog-muzzling order has made the Minister for Agriculture the most unpopular M.P. in the country, and the next general election will reveal the widespread dissatisfaction which has been caused to all dog-owners. A return of summonses, dogs destroyed, and cost of purchases of muzzles would give an indication of votes alienated—probably about 73,000 throughout the country.—I am, Sir, yours, &c. MUZZLED.

WHY NOT CREATE A JURY FUND?

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—If litigants on bespeaking special juries were compelled to show the courage of their opinions as regards this luxury, by lodging the fees for same, a large fund would be created enabling the powers that be to pay each jurymen £1 1s. per day, instead of as at present £1 1s. per—in a dual sense—problematical case. From the surplus common jurors might be paid say 10s. 6d. per day, and perhaps 5s. per day for jurors summoned on criminal trials, who, after sitting for days as unwilling listeners to tales of horror, are rewarded with tickets of admission to view their fellow-creatures in durance vile.

I quite concede that jurors in waiting are relieved from attendance whenever practicable, but as it is impossible for them to know when such relief may come, they are of course precluded from making their arrangements in anticipation of same.—Yours obediently,
S. E. H.

THE FLOGGING MOVEMENT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—“S. F.” advocates flogging on account of its cheapness. Perhaps, if the after-effects were considered, it would not be found so very cheap. But as regards the flogging of adults, the argument is utterly inapplicable to our present system. The law allows the judge to *add* flogging to imprisonment in certain cases. Some judges add it, other judges do not. I have never seen it stated that the sentences of imprisonment passed by flogging judges are shorter than the average. I am disposed to think that they are longer. Under these circumstances flogging only adds, though it adds but little, to the expense. When we have a movement in favour of flogging *accompanied by shortened terms of imprisonment* the argument will possess some force. Will “S. F.” advocate this?

But the argument from cheapness has another bearing. Are not many of our sentences of imprisonment and penal servitude much too long for the purposes intended? and do they not, therefore, cast an unnecessary burden on the ratepayers? Was anything whatever gained by the imprisonment, for example, of the Irish political prisoners and of Mrs. Maybrick during the last five years? If not, there was in both cases, apart from any considerations of humanity, a pure and simple waste of public money.—Truly yours, B. L.

REVIEWS.

VONDEL.

Vondel's “Lucifer.” Translated from the Dutch by Leonard Charles van Noppen. New York and London: Continental Publishing Company.

THE question how far the poetry of one nation can really be appreciated by readers in another is raised once more by this handsome volume, with its translation into blank verse of the most celebrated drama of Holland, and its exhaustive biographical and critical apparatus. We do not remember to have met with the name of Mr. Van Noppen before; he appears to be an American of Dutch extraction. That he is well acquainted with the language and literature of Holland is apparent, and he is certainly a fluent writer in English, although his style is sometimes too florid. He is inspired by a great love of his subject, and has spared himself no pains in the elaboration of it. Here, then, if ever, we ought to be made to feel the peculiar charm of a poet whom his countrymen do not hesitate to name with Æschylus and Milton. Dr. Kalf, of Utrecht, puts his professorial sign-manual to it that “here an extraordinarily difficult task has been magnificently done.” Dr. Kalf has looked at the translation, that is to say, with Dutch eyes, and is more than satisfied. But can English ears be pleased?

Let us see what the task is that Mr. Van Noppen has undertaken. In the first place, he is perfectly right in setting in quite a back seat the much-discussed indebtedness of Milton to Vondel. This is merely a curiosity of literature, and has been made too much of. A wider knowledge of literary history has shown that, in whatever degree we may be able to enjoy Vondel, he is an independent power in letters, and not to be looked upon, in any sense whatever, as tributary to Milton. So much Mr. Van Noppen has perceived, and accordingly he sets about to put English readers in a position to appreciate what it is which Dutchmen enjoy in their greatest national poet. Vondel, however, lived to the age of ninety, and wrote almost incessantly from 1612 to 1672. It was necessary to select something definite from the huge mass of his miscellaneous works, and Mr. Van Noppen has chosen “Lucifer,” partly because the Miltonic idea has made the name of it, at least, familiar to Englishmen, and partly because it does really represent Vondel at the apex of his career. We do not question his wisdom, although we think he would have found in “Gijsbrecht van Aemstel” a more thoroughly Dutch drama, and in “Adam in Exile” a happier specimen of Vondel's lyrical genius.

He is justified, however, in his selection of “Lucifer,” and what is this? It is a Biblical tragedy, in five acts, published at Amsterdam in 1654. The poet, whose career was a singular example of slow and persistent advance in technical skill, was sixty-seven years of age, but was singing with the fresh voice of a boy, and was to sing on for twenty years more. The “Lucifer” appeared at a time when the poet, who had gone over to Rome, was under the ban of the Lutheran clergy, and after two nights' performance the play was removed from the stage. But “Lucifer” touched a popular note; as Mr. Van Noppen says, in his too-Corinthian manner, it was “the crystallisation of the Titanic passions of the age”; it achieved a success which it has sustained through more than two centuries. It is unquestionably the most admired literary product of the Dutch renaissance, which was rich in poetry.

Mr. Van Noppen has very properly determined to keep as close as possible to the text of the drama. He proposes to give us an actual “plaster-cast” of it, to employ the felicitous phrase of J. A. Symonds. He emphasises his own accuracy, the closeness with which he has followed the original. We may say at once that he seems to us to be justified in this boast; he has kept very closely indeed to his original. We turned immediately to see whether the grandiloquent prose dedication to the Emperor Ferdinand III. had been preserved; it is here, very well translated. The sonnet on the Emperor's picture is here, and the address to Patrons of the Drama, although we must protest against *kunstgenooten*, which merely means “fellow-artists” or

"companions in art," being translated "fellow-Academicians." Then comes the tragedy. The first Dutch edition, which is now before us, contains, immediately after the last chorus of "Lucifer," three Biblical lyrics and a prose appeal against recent innovations in Dutch spelling. These Mr. Van Noppen has omitted; but we do not blame him, for they rather disturb the impression produced by the tragedy.

The tragedy itself now awaits us, and an initial disappointment. Mr. Van Noppen translated the prefatory sonnet, with perfect propriety, into alexandrines. The Dutch language has not known, until very recent times, any other classic form of verse; the twelve-syllabled rhyming couplet has been as much *de rigueur* in Holland as in France. When, therefore, Mr. Van Noppen protested so loudly that he was prepared to sacrifice everything to absolute fidelity of effect, we had a pleasant confidence that he would translate "Lucifer" into alexandrines. Unhappily, he has chosen to do it into more or less Miltonic blank verse. His excuse is the stereotyped one—"this metrical form is far better suited to the English drama, and also more adapted to the genius of our language." Precisely; and that is exactly our argument against introducing it into the Dutch drama, when your design is to illustrate the genius of the language of Holland. Blank verse of the sub-Miltonic kind is one of the most treacherous weapons with which any translator can arm himself. He starts to compete with "Paradise Lost," he ends by resembling the "Yesterday, To-day and For Ever" of the present Bishop of Exeter. Mr. Van Noppen says: "My desire has been to give Vondel," and it is a laudable desire; but Vondel cannot possibly be given without a reproduction of the long double verse, with its alternate male and female rhymes,—

"Two coursers of etherial race,
With necks in thunder clothed, and long-resounding
pace."

Vondel was persistent in retaining the Senecan form of tragedy, with choruses. He does this even in his Chinese drama of "Zung-chin," and, where it seems still more inappropriate, in his "Peter and Paul." The practice gave him an opportunity of exercising his rich and melodious but rather heavy lyrical talent, which never seems quite to break into song, but rolls along in organ-melody, sometimes with complete success, at other times (if Batavian patriotism will allow us to say so) with singular lapses of taste and poetical decorum. Mr. Van Noppen says that he has "scrupulously adhered to the original metres of all the choruses, most of them very involved and intricate." This is a proud boast, but it is absolutely justified; we have compared the translation with the original, and the choral measures, with their arrangements of rhymes, are never, on a single occasion, tampered with. This shows conscientious skill, and adds to our regret that Mr. Van Noppen, who has not quailed before these stanzaic measures, should have lacked the courage to translate the body of the work in its proper verse.

On the whole, we have to pronounce this version of the "Lucifer" an interesting and a praiseworthy attempt. If it tempts readers to attack for themselves the remarkable early literature of Holland, it will have achieved much. The faults of it are the result of lack of poetic gift in Mr. Van Noppen himself. He is accurate and informed, but his diction is a little dull, and he is a little apt to exaggerate it in order to remove the dulness. Perhaps he is not quite familiar enough with the classics of our own country. To translate Vondel, a poet should be steeped in the Jacobean manner; he should be familiar with the phraseology of Joshua Sylvester and Phineas Fletcher and Quarles. The last of these is particularly Dutch in style, with his richness, his solemnity without elevation, his picturesqueness, his appalling want of taste. What Mr. Van Noppen gives us is Vondel washed and smartened; Vondel with all the tarnished gilt rubbed off and the glass jewellery extracted. But if we take the trouble to go so far afield for our poetry as the shop where Abraham de Wees, under the sign of the New Testament, sold quarto plays in verse, on the Middle Dam, in the year 1654, we like to get the seventeenth-century tone and local colour thrown in, with all their faults of taste.

THE PRATTLE OF AN ARCHÆOLOGIST.

"The Isles and Shrines of Greece." By Samuel J. Barrows. London: Sampson Low.

MR. BARROWS' account of his travels in Greece would be more pleasant if he had not tried to enliven it with American pleasantries. He seems to aim at being an educated Mark Twain; but the humour happens to be lacking. This is how he tells the story of Odysseus and Nausicaa. The shipwrecked hero has just been awakened by the laughter of the princess and her girl attendants:—

"Odysseus behaves with great propriety. Behind the shelter of a thick branch he appeals to the princess for protection. Her maids are frightened enough; but she maintains her stately self-possession. She neither runs from the salty bushwhacker, nor does she refer him to the Charity Organization Society. She calms her frightened maids, tosses some clothes to the suppliant, and, after she has harnessed her mules to the high-wheeled wain, she leads the way to her father's home, using the whip on the mules 'with discretion.' (Homer was anxious to show that there was one woman who *did* know how to whip a mule.)"

We are not amused by this kind of comic relief. The worst of it the author puts upon a young lady whom he calls Mavilla, and we are heartily glad when she disappears from the book. There is a fairly good description of the procession held in honour of Saint Spiridion, the Archbishop, who died in 350, and whose body, taken to Constantinople in 700, was removed to Corfu in 1453. Three times a year it is taken out of the church and, with much ceremony, carried about the city in a glass case. "Poor old thing," said Mavilla, "fifteen hundred years a withered mummy, and still jolted about the city three times a year." These small *facetiae* are the more vexatious because Mr. Barrows can give us good reading when he is content just to put down what he has seen and heard. He had visited a mountain monastery in one of the Ionian Islands, and was admitted to the morning prayers. A young priest was gabbling through the liturgy, one eye on the book and the other on the party of visitors.

"The old priest invited Mavilla and myself to look over with him and follow the Greek text. We each held a naked candle, while the priest kept track of the place with one of his fingers. He had been a sailor in his early days, and had seen a little of the world. His literal devotion to the service did not prevent him from keeping up a broken conversation with us, which he interjected between the responses:—

"'You come from America?'

"'Yes.'

"'Kyrie eleison, Kyrie eleison—What part?'

"'From Boston.'

"'Ah!—Kyrie eleison, Kyrie eleison—I was there once. It was many years ago.' Then another volley of Greek addressed to Heaven, and suspended at the proper pause to make sure that his communications with earth were not cut off."

The service, Mr. Barrows justly remarks, was "strangely mechanical"; indeed, he thinks that a phonograph run by water-power would have been equally devotional. And it is carried on for five hours every day—from two o'clock in the morning to seven o'clock.

Mr. Barrows' tour, which included Troy, the Ionian and Ægean Islands, Phocis and Thessaly, as well as Attica and the Peloponnesus, has left him with an agreeable impression of the modern Greek people—even of the Athenians—as they are in their own homes. Too many of us form our estimate of the race from the floating specimens which may be picked up in such places as Alexandria, Constantinople, or Malta. Nor is it fair to condemn a nation altogether because it lacks the military virtues. The misfortune of the Greeks is that they obtained democratic privileges before they had been drilled in self-government. They are amiable, temperate, intelligent, and, as the world goes, fairly happy. And if they are liable to be inflated with self-conceit and led astray by rhetoric, they do but resemble more serious and virile peoples, and their opportunities of doing mischief in the world are strictly limited. Mr. Barrows, who is something of a scholar, is naturally

amused by the incongruity between the language so slightly modified from the classical type and the daily requirements of modern life. He quotes, for instance, the following advertisement for a lost umbrella:—

"*χθές τὴν νύκτα ἀπωλέσθη ἡ ὀμπρέλλα ἐπὶ τῆς ὁδοῦ Σταδίου, ἀντικρὺ τῆς Σοφιστικῆς λέσχης. Ὁ εὐρὺν παρακαλεῖται νὰ τὴν φέρῃ εἰς τὸ πιλοπωλεῖον τοῦ κ. Ραυτοπούλου, πλῆσιον τῆς Βουλῆς, λαμβάνων ἐν δῶρον.*"

There is here only one word which a schoolboy could not turn up in Liddell and Scott, and the purists have Atticised umbrella into *ἀλεξίβροχον*. *Λέσχη*, of course, is club: the rest is plain sailing. As an archæologist, Mr. Barrows is pretty well content to reproduce the views of his friend and guide, Mr. Dörpfeld, Director of the German Institute at Athens, nor does he trouble as a rule to go into any very erudite discussions of doubtful questions. He is fairly successful, however, in putting into popular language the result of his studies and personal observations. Nor do we complain of his gentle moralisings, as, for instance, on the mural tablet which has been called the Mourning Athene. Three views, he says, have been put forward as to its significance. The goddess may be represented as guardian of the Acropolis; she may be sorrowing over a stele on which are inscribed the names of men who have fallen in battle, or she may be guarding a stele on which a law has been inscribed. "I cannot myself escape," he remarks, "from the mournful expression of her face. To be sure, the Gods have reason enough in these days to be mourning over bad laws; but, knowing Athene as I do, I am convinced that anger, not grief, would have been the result of asking her to guard a bad law, and we should have had a tablet recalling the one which Moses in his wrath let fall on the Mount." But was it the laws that Moses was angry against? Mr. Barrows should refresh his memory of the Book of the Exodus. Perhaps he is thinking of another personage—an elder contemporary, still alive and active—who is reported to have glanced contemptuously through the Ten Commandments and to have declared that they "were a rum lot." We only mention this matter because it would be desirable in a writer who professes to give scientific explanations of current theology to acquire some elementary knowledge of the documents on which it rests. The young ladies and gentlemen who frequent Home Reading Circles, or go out on Self-improvement Trips, might think he was writing about what he understood when he plunges into his dreadfully daring speculations on the origin of the "traditions, dogmas, mythology and symbolism of the Christian Church." Hebraism, he tells us, when it came into contact with Greek thought, encountered "a fervent form of the deifying tendency which at that stage had passed from the personification of nature to the idealisation of human beings." The exaltation, he goes on, of the Hebrew peasant to a place in the godhead, though nominally a victory for Christianity, was essentially "a triumph of Paganism, assisted by Jewish material derived from the Messianic idea." The positive mistakes committed in this sentence are only less remarkable than the gaps which it reveals in the writer's knowledge. Let Mr. Barrows stick to his Isles and his Shrines, and we will read him with pleasure. His enthusiasm for the antique is genuine, and it is supported by sound information and artistic sensibility. Over it all there is just a gentle air of superiority, such as becomes the cultured tourist from Boston, U.S.A. And once or twice we find a refreshing touch of innocent Yankee pride. "A hardy fisherman and his boy," he mentions, "joined us on our way, and were much impressed with what I told them of the physical greatness of America as compared with Ithaca."

THE METHODS OF ROMANCE.

"Rodman the Boatsteerer." By Louis Becke. London: Unwin.

"The Keeper of the Waters." By Morley Roberts. London: Skeffington.

IT would be difficult for the gods who are charged with the supply of a reviewer's table to throw together two books which should afford a more

convenient contrast for the student of romantic methods than those we have here placed together. Mr. Becke and Mr. Morley Roberts belong alike to the school of Kipling; both deal in that appearance of actuality which is evoked by the use of much technical detail—detail of the chase, of the engine-room, of the club; both aim at giving a snapshot of vivid life rather than the development of character under dynamic circumstance; both have achieved an odyssey of more than Odyssean variety. Here the resemblance ends, for, to come at once to comparative criticism, Mr. Becke has stopped short on the road to mastery of his art, while Mr. Morley Roberts has made remarkable progress towards the same goal.

It is not altogether easy to explain the unsatisfactory quality of Mr. Becke's new book. He takes us, for the most part, to those blessed Islands of which he has already told us so many charming tales, and he gives us many new variations of that old theme, the conflict between white civilisation and brown barbarism. We are inclined to think that the comparative failure of his new stories is most accurately indicated by the frequency with which he has recourse to the amateurish device of breaking his narratives into sections separated by asterisks. This method is no doubt intended to impart a subtle suggestiveness, but in its actual effect it is rather indicative of Mr. Becke's inability to make the films of his machine move without flickering. This is the more pity, because the material he has here collected is richer in dramatic interest than that of his previous books. In "A Ponapean Convenience," for instance, the situation is peculiarly strong, and as he tells the story in four pages, it is the most successful of all; but in "The East Indian Cousin," "Proctor, the Drunkard," and "The Peruvian Slavers," the apparent disjointedness of the style is singularly irritating. It would be unfair, however, to convey the impression that "Rodman the Boatsteerer" is not an interesting book. There are many passages which realise vividly that fascinating life of the trader among the Islands; some, indeed, which, as pictures now of idyllic love, now of barbarous passion, could hardly be better painted. There seems, then, no reason to fear that Mr. Becke's development is finally arrested. We do not like to accuse any man of indolence, but that amiable fault certainly seems to lie at the root of Mr. Becke's present unsatisfactoriness.

Mr. Morley Roberts, on the other hand, loses nothing from want of industry. More inclined to melodrama than to poetry by temperament, he is obviously conscious of his tendency, and does his best to correct it. Drawing his material, as a rule, from more civilised sources than Mr. Becke's, his tragedies usually pass on a stage peopled with well-dressed actors. His experience of life in its wilder phases is nevertheless large, and in such stories as "The Keeper of the Waters" and "The Hatter of Howlong" he shows his ability to handle the big brush and the high colours with noticeable success. The two most remarkable stories in the book are, however, essays in psychology of a very rare kind. In "The Crowd" we are shown the interesting spectacle of a man of respectable and even commonplace life rapt out of his circumstances into that seething inferno which is a bloodthirsty mob. In "The Story for Bulmer" there is another example of the novelist's skill in diagnosing certain morbid states of mind, and the machinery of the story—which is about a brilliant but diseased genius, who pours his ghastly imaginings on an astonished world through the medium of a ludicrously amiable and mediocre "ghost"—is contrived with extraordinary power. The interest in both is certainly pathological, but the skill with which Mr. Roberts has lifted to the level of tragedy what in weaker hands had been merely diseased ravings is the best measure of his artistic force. The breadth of his sympathies is sufficiently attested by the humour of "The Trunk" and "All Spain and Captain Spink," but it must be confessed that it is in the handling of sterner material that his greatest triumphs are achieved. There is one entirely trivial story in the book, "The Wedding Eve," but that is not sufficient to outweigh the very real worth of work so compact of vivid imagination, a rather sardonic pathos, and noteworthy executive skill.

AN AMERICAN BLUE BOOK.

"Second Annual Report of the Commissioners of Fisheries, Game and Forests of the State of New York." New York: Wynkoop.

THE British Blue Book is normally a triumph of dullness. It is the one outlet for official communicativeness, and that, perhaps, says the worst. Now and again, as in the recent Scotch report on salmon, a flash of intelligence illumines the dense compilation, but this is an unlicensed breach of departmental etiquette, and the ill-compiled, shabbily got-up records of State incompetence drag their weary length from session to session and from Government to Government. These matters are ordered differently on the other side of the Atlantic. Whatever competent, or incompetent, critics may have to say of the State departments themselves, there cannot, save on the possible ground of economy, be more than one opinion about their periodically issued reports. In the volume before us, print, paper, binding and illustrations are unexceptionable, and the information is imparted with a lightness of touch that, combined with accuracy, is likely to attract readers. Sportsmen will particularly welcome Mr. Nelson Cheney's admirably illustrated articles on the black bass and pike perch, as well as the contributions on game birds by Mr. Surface; and for naturalists there are notes on fishes, by Mr. Bean, of the New York Aquarium (an aquarium, not a music-hall); on oysters and their enemies, by Mr. Thompson; and on Adirondack deer, brook trout, and many other creatures of sufficient value to enjoy State protection. On the whole, this superb volume, with its five hundred pages of varied reading, its coloured plates, and its photographs of scenery, as well as of zoological and sporting subjects, should be welcomed beyond the land of its origin, and we make no apology for commending it to the attention of English readers.

BOOK-PRICES CURRENT.

"Book-Prices Current." Vol. XII., 1898. London: Elliot Stock.

IN announcing the publication of this useful work, we have to record that, for the first time in its history, its contents were completed in September instead of, as previously, in December. It includes, therefore, a record of the prices at which books were sold at auction from December, 1897, to the close of the season of 1898. Next year, of course, the volume of 1899 will be issued with a twelvemonth's record again. It happens that the issue for this year is not cramped in size, as might have been expected, owing to the accident that it comprises two-thirds of the great Ashburnham sale, which fills it out beyond the average bulk of the yearly volume. Mr. Slater may be congratulated on the promptitude with which he has completed his elaborate record, with its invaluable index, and has placed it in our hands within two months after the end of the season.

It would have been convenient for the lover of books had it been consistent with the plan of "Book-Prices Current" to have comprised the whole of the Ashburnham sale in one volume. As it is, the first part is found in the issue for 1897, and more than two hundred pages are dedicated here to the remainder. The Ashburnham Library represented the highest flight of bibliomania. Too commonly, the collecting of books is treated as though it meant the buying of "first editions" of modern poets whose booklets never went into a second. Such sales as the Ashburnham show us that, even in these degenerate days, there survives a race of descendants of Dibdin and Heber, who collect real books in the fearless old fashion. It is pleasant to think that there are still people who will give, in open auction, £190 for the 1472 folios of the natural history of Pliny, on vellum, and £265 for a bound volume of sixteenth-century *rappresentazioni*, "some margins cut into." When we see a sort of commonplace-book, with Latin and English sentences out of Terence, fetch £201 for no reason whatever, except that it is an example, and perhaps a unique one, of the primitive London press of Machlinia, we feel that the old flame is not extinct. This is, indeed, collecting for collecting's sake, with no nonsense about intrinsic literary merit. We have, we

must say, more sympathy with the competition for books really noble in themselves, as well as merely rare. We can thoroughly comprehend the joy of possessing the 1529 edition of Geoffroi Tory's "Champ Fleury," or the 1498 folio of the Prophecies of Merlin, in three volumes. For the last-mentioned was paid at the Ashburnham Sale the sum of £760, which certainly deserves to be called "a truly princely figure."

When we step down from these high alps of bibliography to places where the ordinary collector can breathe with ease, we see a tendency in prices to equalise themselves. For instance, the strange inconsistencies of eighteenth-century values seem to be passing gradually away. There is a tendency to moderate the prices of Fielding and Goldsmith, and to bring forward other classics of the same age. So, later on, Tennyson is falling back, while Scott, so long without bibliographical importance, is coming forward. On the whole, it seems to us that first editions of works of acknowledged merit in English literature, and especially in English poetry, are sure of a firm, moderate value, and are always worth securing in good state. We have observed, during the last twenty years, a steady advance in the value of seventeenth-century poetry. We remember when the "Fragmenta Aurea" of Suckling could easily be bought for a guinea; £10 will not fetch it now, with a fine impression of the frontispiece. The original quartos of Shirley's plays used to be a drug on the market; they are now desirable properties. The poems of men like Randolph, Cleveland and Fanshawe, which had no market-value at all, are now competed for. Mr. Slater records the sale in 1898 of not fewer than four copies of Cartwright's "Poems" of 1651; they fetched from £1 to £5 10s., and this is a curious example of the small dependence which must be put upon such indications of positive value as an auctioneer's catalogue supplies.

Among entries in this volume which will be found peculiarly interesting to collectors, we ought to mention the Burns Library of Mr. A. C. Lamb, of Dundee, which contained not merely an extraordinary number of editions of Burns himself, but of the illustrative works known to specialists as "Burnsiana." Here was an opportunity for sincere Burnsites to revel in the doggerel of Lapraik and of Sillar, of Mrs. Grant of Loggan and of Miss Carmichael of Edinburgh. With this exception, we note nothing very sensational in the miscellaneous book sales of 1898; everything was dwarfed by the majesty of the Ashburnham folios on vellum and miracles of the art of Clovis Eve.

NANCE OLDFIELD.

"The Palmy Days of Nance Oldfield." By Edward Robins. London: Heinemann.

THE fatuity of Mr. Edward Robins is of a generous, catholic sort; it has no limits, it swamps you on every page. Perhaps—though it is difficult to make the selection—the forms of ineptitude which appeal with the greatest fascination to Mr. Robins, and the exercise of which have the most special attraction for him, are those of irrelevant conjecture and quite tactless comment. Having to inform the reader that Anne Oldfield was born, Mr. Robins at once brings a vigorous imagination to adorn the fact. "Surely a star, probably Venus, must have danced on a certain night in the year of grace 1683, when the wife of Captain Oldfield . . . brought into the world. . . . Perhaps she found no instant welcome, this diminutive maiden who came smiling into existence. . . . But Thalia laughed, as well she might, and the stern features of Melpomene relaxed a little in witnessing the birth of one who . . . Yet the laughter of Thalia, and the unbending of her sister Muse, were hardly likely," &c. And when Anne Oldfield dies, Mr. Robins again improves the occasion: "The eyes whose kindly light had illuminated the dull soul of many a playgoer closed for ever on the 23rd of October, 1730, and the incomparable Oldfield was no more. Surely old Sol did not shine in London that day; surely he must have mourned behind the leaden English sky for," &c. Presupposing a mastery of style equal to that of Mr. Robins, it is possible to pad out your biography to any extent with

this sort of stuff, and it has the merit of not making any one any wiser.

Anne Oldfield made her mark on her times not merely as an actress, but as a wit, a beauty, and a *grande dame*; she was a woman of temperament, and not a little of character. The portrait left of her by Steele is quite convincing on these points. Always well-dressed, always the most well-bred woman you could meet, she had the greatest simplicity of manners, a beauty full of attraction yet without allurements, singular composure and distinction. "A woman must think well to look well," adds Steele, Anne Oldfield in herself, providing the illustration of the formula. Mr. Robins does not omit to quote Steele, but immediately following has this nauseating passage on the actress's connexion with Arthur Maynwaring, a connexion which, if irregular, was not at all scandalous:—"There is not much to say about the domesticity of Nance and Arthur Maynwaring. How could there be? The lady kept house for her lord with grace and modesty (if it seems not paradoxical to mention modesty in this alliance), and it is safe to believe that more than one member of the Kit-Cat Club often tasted a bit of beef and pudding, and sipped a glass of port at the table of the happy pair. Congreve, the particular friend and *protégé* of the host, must have dined more than once with brilliant Nance, regaling his plump being with the joy of food and drink, and wondering, perhaps," &c.

The terrible nonsense of this passage, and the reference to Congreve in particular, are illustrative of Mr. Robins' manner throughout. It is a pity that Mr. Robins could not have left himself and his flowery adumbrations out of his compilation altogether, and given us simply the result of his diligent application of the scissors to the annals of the period. For if Mr. Robins fails by what he says himself to enlighten us at all in regard to Anne Oldfield and her art, one may at any rate gather from the contemporary passages he has sandwiched liberally between his pages, that a hundred and fifty years ago an actress might attain high social standing and prestige, and that a realistic version of modish costumes and manners on the stage was as much a draw at the time of Queen Anne and the first Georges as in our own day.

FICTION.

"God's Prisoners: The Story of a Crime, a Punishment, a Redemption." By John Oxenham. London: Hurst.

MR. OXENHAM seems to have been bitten with something like that itch for moralising which has transformed Mr. Hall Caine from a good sensational novelist into what he is. This is a pity, for, though "God's Prisoner" is too strongly contrived to be entirely spoiled by the endeavour after fine writing and lofty sentiment, it certainly falls short of what it might have been had Mr. Oxenham been content to work in what is obviously his proper medium. However, when this deduction is made, there is enough good left in the story to satisfy any reasonable lover of sensation, for Mr. Oxenham, although he makes some considerable demands on his reader's credulity, tells his tale in so brisk and plausible a fashion that belief comes easily while you read. The murder of Brodie by Ayrton, and the latter's long expiation, are ingeniously imagined; but we do not care for the apparent ease with which Mrs. Brodie transfers her affection to the murderer. But that—like the flaring cover of the book—is a comparatively minor detail, and the story may be commended to those in search of excitement. We counsel Mr. Oxenham, in his future books, to be melodramatic and not ashamed.

"From the East unto the West." By Jane Barlow. London: Methuen.

Miss Barlow is entitled to cautious congratulations on those parts of her new book which show a desire to break through the somewhat narrow limits in which she has hitherto worked. She has, it is true, become so accustomed to the low colours best suited for her tales of village-life in the distressful country that she exhibits a certain awkwardness in manipulating the more vivid hues which are proper for the Oriental episodes recorded here in "The Evil Abenooayahs" and "The Puzzle of Jarbek." The material of these stories

is excellently found, but the crude handling seems to indicate that Miss Barlow was neither unconscious of her unfamiliar task nor profoundly interested in its success. Between the Eastern and Western tales are two clever experiments in fantasy. "A Caprice of Queen Pippa" is pure romantic comedy, belonging to no country marked on the traveller's chart; and "An Advance Sheet" is a remarkably ingenious and successful experiment in mysticism of a novel kind. The remaining stories are all of the kind we have come to expect from Miss Barlow, though the pictures they present of the Irish peasant seem more uniformly cheerful than usual. Pathos is not wanting from "As Luck would have it," "Pilgrims from Lisconnel," but all, designedly or otherwise, avoid that insistence on the tragic note which Miss Barlow so often strikes. Those who are acquainted with the previous results of the author's keen observation and direct style will need no further inducement to read this volume than the assurance that, in nearly all its constituent tales, her best qualities are abundantly shown.

"The Tragedy of a Nose." By E. Gerard (Emily de Laszowska). London: Digby, Long.

Madame de Laszowska has been in her time responsible for some very creditable literary work. It is impossible, therefore, to understand how she can have been willing to append her name to this particularly dull and foolish book. The story of a duel in which each combatant slices off the other's nose, with the result that the noses get exchanged in the final surgical adjustment, might serve Mr. Zangwill or Mr. Jerome as a scheme for the peculiar humour of either; but that a writer who has established her claim to some consideration as a literary artist should ask us to accept such futility is unpardonable. The second story in the book, "A Brief Delirium," is like unto the first in its folly.

"A Lotus Flower," by J. Morgan de Groot (Blackwood), is a Dutch novel which has been very cordially received in Holland under its hardly equivalent title of "Bouton de Rose." Anything less Dutch, to the English preconception, than the neurotic girl of whom the book is a sympathetic but merciless study, can hardly be imagined. True, she is a Swede, and her surroundings when she stays with her husband's decorous relatives in Holland are oppressive to her. The husband himself is perhaps the British idea of a typical Dutchman—phlegmatic, upright, business-like, kindly—everything that is intolerable to women of the type of Dr. Morgan de Groot's Hilda. Anna Karénina is a spiritual sister of Hilda's: there is the same straggling, unbalanced power, chiefly used in self-torture, the same strong sexual charm and fascination, the same mania for pitiful, utterly futile self-sacrifice. The husband is admirably done, no less. He caresses his wife at the wrong moment and she breaks into hysterical entreaty. "You see, I am very—very strange, so if I cannot suffer you to—to stroke me ever—will you then keep from doing it? . . . Forgive me . . . but I cannot stand your looking so vacantly at me . . . You will promise what I asked about not caressing me?" To all of which he, of course, replies, "Hilda! upon my word, I am altogether at a loss to understand you! What must I promise?" It is a superbly faithful picture of the ludicrous tragedy of everyday marriage. There is a delicate little pendant to Hilda—the dying bride Märta. But Hilda remains in the mind when the book has been read, and no one else. We hope the anonymous translator will persevere and give us Dr. Morgan de Groot's future works in their season.

"The Clearer Vision," by Ethel Colburn Mayne (Fisher Unwin), is full of cleverness of the intolerably self-conscious, over-subtle order. The "plain, common ignorant man" will not know which way up to read the various stories: the language is English, the diction perverse and the meaning so coy that when it is dragged out it irritates by proving worth less than the trouble of delving. "One near one," for instance—what could be more like affectation than its half-hints? Tales like "The Lost Leader," on the other hand are delicious in their delicacy, if the author could but keep

to their comparative simplicity. On the principle of invoking no god except in situations worthy of a god, the deliberate obscurity of some few immortals had better be left uncopied by us unless our hidden meanings repay search as well as theirs when finally dragged to light.

"The World and Onora," by Lilian Street (Duckworth), deals with the ever-recurring tedium of a woman's bad treatment by "a brute of a husband." Verily, Mr. George Gissing is needed with his cruel shrews to keep the balance even against these monster husbands who poison their babies and sneer at their wives for going to church. Onora is a less mawkish victim than most, we freely admit. As a slangy school-girl she is even charming; but she deteriorates. Her wedding with the music-hall performer in the end is evidently tremendously admired as a piece of audacity by the author. The music-hall singer is really very nice. "Every time you empty it," he declares, alluding to his purse, "I shall consider myself a step nearer to heaven." This was before his marriage.

"The Cleverest Woman in England," by L. T. Meade (Nisbet), has a strong flavour of Mrs. Humphry Ward about her cleverness, which is a trifle overpowering. She is massive, as befits her, with the stock queenly head and noble shoulders. She is also a Socialist, dresses her servants in æsthetic shades, and speaks of them as "my friends" to their extreme embarrassment. She is philanthropic, and fills the house with "suffering women," one of whom develops smallpox. When she meets a young woman who has thrown her bonnet over the mill, she says, "Come into my heart," and the young woman comes and lives at her expense. She is literary, and writes opposing views to her husband's in his own paper. She is oratorical, and addresses monster meetings on everybody's wrongs. She is saintly and dies of her protégée's smallpox. In short, she is highly entertaining, and her story, if not very convincing, is at least told with great spirit. Her sister-in-law and mother-in-law are capitally done; so is the effusive Imogen. The husband is more of a figure-head. We must not be blamed by the author for not taking her "cleverest woman" too seriously. However taken, the book is quite one of her best.

(For This Week's Books see page 546.)

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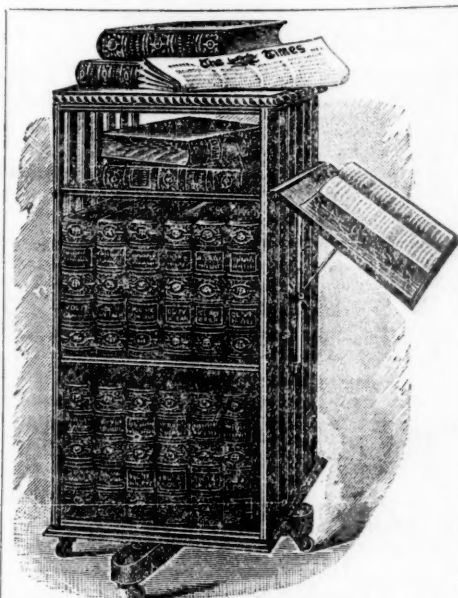
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Brokers.—Messrs. LUMSDEN & MYERS, 29 Cornhill, and Stock Exchange, E.C.

Consulting Engineers.—Sir DOUGLAS FOX, Vice-Pres. Inst. C.E., 28 Victoria Street, S.W.; V. B. D. COOPER, Assoc. M. Inst. C.E., A.I.E.E., Broadway House, Westminster, S.W.

Solicitors.—Messrs. ASHURST, MORRIS, CRISP & CO., 27 Throgmorton Avenue, E.C.
Messrs. KIMBERS & BOATMAN, 75 Lombard Street, E.C.

Medical Director.—AUGUST MANN.

Manager.—HENRY GILLMAN.

Secretary & Offices.—W. GARDINER, Crystal Palace, Sydenham.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

The Crystal Palace, originally erected in Hyde Park for the Great International Exhibition of 1851, was purchased by the Crystal Palace Company, and removed to its present position on Sydenham Hill, in the year 1854, when it was opened by Her Majesty the Queen. The Company was incorporated by Royal Charter in the year 1853 and subsequently incorporated under the Companies' Clauses Act, 1845, by the Crystal Palace Company's Act, 1877.

The Company's freehold estate comprises 200 acres, and is for its purpose unrivalled in its situation and natural beauty. The value of such an estate within the Metropolitan area may be gauged from the fact that about 17 acres, let off many years ago, produce rents amounting to £1,837 per annum, and have a present value of upwards of £60,000.

The Crystal Palace is undoubtedly the greatest National centre of entertainment, and is unequalled in accommodation for its famous Concerts, Firework Displays, Circus, Football Matches, Cycle and other Athletic Sports, Exhibitions, Horse, Dog, Fruit and Flower Shows, &c., which closely succeed each other throughout the year.

It is the only place in the United Kingdom where the Handel Festival, which requires an Orchestra of 600 with a Chorus of 4,000, and attracts audiences of as many as 20,000, could be held. Admissions on Bank Holidays amount to over 80,000, and at Firework Displays to from 15,000 to 50,000 persons. The average attendance for the year 1897, including season ticket-holders, was about 7,000 daily.

The Crystal Palace School of Engineering founded in 1872 is attended by students from all parts of the United Kingdom and Colonies, and the Schools of Music and Art are also well known. The valuable and unrivalled Art Collections at the Crystal Palace, together with its historic position as the greatest Musical centre in Great Britain, afford unique educational advantages, of which the Directorate will endeavour to make the fullest use.

For a long period after the opening of the Palace in 1851, large net profits (as much as £50,000 and £60,000 in a year) were earned without great outlay or effort. Of late years, however, the cost of attracting the public has become very much greater than was formerly the case, while at the same time, the accumulated burden of maintenance and renewals of the great buildings has had to be met out of current revenue, owing to proper provision not having been made during the earlier and more profitable period. In many directions, therefore, it has been impossible to keep pace with the advanced standard of public requirements.

The strong vitality of the Crystal Palace is, however, proved by the Table (for which see full prospectus), which shows that both the admissions and the gross receipts have been fully maintained—the smaller net profits of recent years being mainly attributable to the causes above referred to.

The potentialities of the Palace, with an ample working capital, affording scope for a more vigorous and modern policy, are obvious. The directors therefore adopted the present scheme of re-organization, which provides £100,000 in cash for working capital, and has since been confirmed by Special Act of Parliament (1893), reducing the total capital from £1,533,675 to £605,000—a reduction of nearly £950,000.

The improved financial position will enable the Directors to introduce many new features, including the complete re-modelling of the catering arrangements. This Department will be in the hands of Messrs. J. Lyons and Company, Ltd., whose name is a guarantee that it will be carried out in the most modern and attractive manner, while the tariff will be on a more moderate scale. A new Restaurant and Dining Rooms will be built, overlooking the terraces, fountains, and illuminated gardens, in which during the summer months Military and other Bands will play

daily. An improved Railway service to and from the London termini (Victoria, Holborn, and London Bridge), and special fast trains between 6 and 7 p.m., for the convenience of visitors who wish to dine at the Palace, will be arranged.

Arrangements are in progress to establish first-class Cricket at the Crystal Palace, which has already one of the finest grounds in England. The London County Cricket Club is being formed under strong auspices, and the exclusive services of Mr. W. G. Grace have been secured as Secretary and Manager.

Polo will be introduced during the summer season, and the London Polo Club will be formed with headquarters at the Palace.

The Crystal Palace Football Grounds is becoming increasingly popular as the chief centre for the game, and it is undoubtedly the finest and best appointed ground in London. The Association Cup (Final Tie) Match last March was witnessed by 65,000 persons. Other branches of athletic sport will be specially encouraged, with the view of making the Crystal Palace the headquarters of athletics for London. Information with regard to the above Clubs may be obtained from the Secretary, Crystal Palace, Sydenham.

Special privileges will be accorded to Season Ticket-holders, and many further new attractions will be introduced.

Under strong and energetic new management, together with improved traffic and catering arrangements, the Crystal Palace, with its beautiful grounds, should be the most popular and attractive pleasure resort in the kingdom, and as profitable an undertaking as it has been in its most prosperous period. Many new sources of income will be developed and considerable economies effected, which should, in the opinion of the Directors, largely augment the net revenue, and provide a substantial surplus for dividend upon the Stock now offered for subscription.

Messrs. Glasier and Sons, in conjunction with Messrs. Fuller, Horsey, Sons, and Cassell, have reported as follows upon the value of the Freehold Land and Buildings:—

"TO THE DIRECTORS OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE COMPANY.

Gentlemen,—In accordance with your instructions we have attended to the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, and have made a careful survey of the Freehold Estate, which contains a total area of about 200 acres.

The buildings thereon include—the Crystal Palace, which, by itself, covers upwards of 13 acres of ground, and has a cubical capacity of about 60 million feet. The detached buildings and erections comprise—the North and South Towers, Waterworks, Theatre, Panorama, Cycle Track, Engineering Schools, Pavilions, Hot Houses, &c.

There are comprised in the Estate well-secured ground-rents amounting to £1,837 12s. 6d. per annum, and other rents producing a further £350 8s. 6d. per annum.

The Freehold Estate, comprising the Crystal Palace and contents, with the Gardens, Park, and Waterworks, has, we are informed, cost upwards of £1,450,000. In order to arrive at the realisable value of the entire property we have carefully considered the manner in which it could be disposed of to the best advantage.

The Ground-rents, &c., are secured on 72 houses and other property, covering about 17 acres, producing £1,837 12s. 6d. per annum, which, with the reversions, we value at the sum of £55,384 10 0

(These have a steadily increasing value.)

The 103 acres of Freehold Land, comprising the outlying portion of the grounds, we have surveyed as a Building Estate, for which it is eminently adapted, and we consider the value of the same to be 242,000 0 0

The value of the Crystal Palace buildings and their contents, with the 77 acres of freehold land immediately adjoining, comprising the Terraces, Fountains, North-end gardens, and more important Ornamental Gardens and Pleasure Grounds, we consider to be moderately estimated at the sum of 250,000 0 0

Making in all a total value, in our opinion, of five hundred and fifty-five thousand three hundred and eighty-four pounds ten shillings £555,384 10 0

We are Gentlemen, yours faithfully,

(Signed) GLASIER & SONS, 7 St. James's Street, S.W.

(Signed) FULLER, HORSEY, SON & CASSELL, 11 Billiter Square, E.C.

The £100,000 new Capital must be added to the property referred to in the above valuation, bringing the total assets of the Company up to £555,384 10s. There is therefore ample security for the present issue.

In order to provide the Company with £100,000 for working Capital, and to place its finances on a sound basis, an Agreement was, on 15 April, 1898, entered into between the Company and Mr. Ernest Schenk, by which the Company bound itself to apply to Parliament for an Act for the reorganization of its capital (which Act has since been obtained), and Mr. Schenk agreed to provide £100,000 in cash, and any amount which might be required for the redemption at £122 per £100 Stock of such of the outstanding £102,192 10s. Six per Cent. (1887) Debenture Stock as should not be exchanged for Three per Cent. First (1895) Debenture Stock, he receiving as fully paid the balance of the Three per Cent. First (1895) Debenture Stock, and of the Four per Cent. Second (1898) Debenture Stock not exchanged for the Six per Cent. First (1887) Debenture Stock, and Six per Cent. Second (1887) Debenture Stock, and the Preferred and Deferred Ordinary Stock. This issue is now made in accordance with the Agreement, on behalf of Mr. Schenk.

Sir Arthur Sullivan, being nominated under the above-mentioned Agreement, will join the Board upon the payment of the allotment money on the present issue, and Mr. Schenk will join the Board upon the completion of the said Agreement. Mr. Biggs, Mr. Clark, and Mr. Milner will meantime constitute the Board.

Copies of the Agreement with Mr. Schenk, and of the Crystal Palace Company's Act, 1898, authorizing the reorganization of the Capital, and fixing the rights of the various classes of Stock, can be seen at the offices of the Solicitors of the Company. Applications for Stock should be made on the forms provided, and forwarded with the deposit direct to the Company's Bankers, Messrs. Barclay and Company, Limited, 54 Lombard Street, E.C., or to any of their branches. In cases where no allotment is made, the deposit will be returned in full, and where the amount of Stock allotted is less than the amount applied for, the balance will be applied towards the further instalments payable.

Applications will be made for a settlement and quotations on the London Stock Exchange for the new Stocks created by the Act of 1898.

For Table of Admissions and Receipts (Approximate), 1855 to 1897, see full Prospectus.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application can be obtained at the Offices of the Company, or from the Company's Bankers, Brokers, or Solicitors.

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